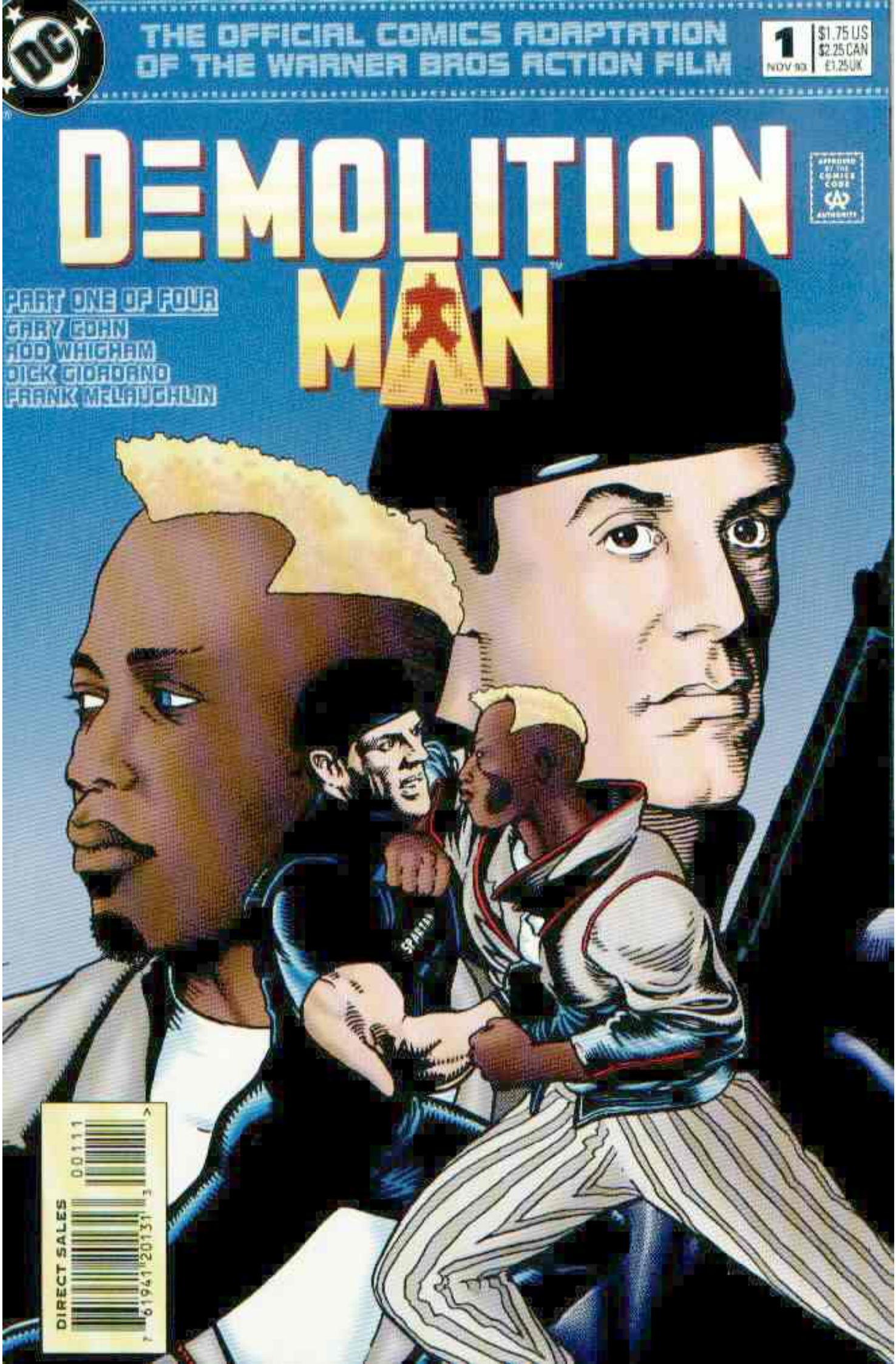
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DEMOLITION MAN
PART ONE OF FOUR
GARY GOHN
ROD WHIGHAM
DICK GIORDANO
FRANK MELAUGHLIN
DIRECT SALES

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WHUP WHUP WHUP WHUP
LA PD
HE JUST... DEMOLISHES THINGS.
I DO MY JOB. STUFF HAPPENS.
GET A THERMO, WILLYA?
LAPD
ALL RIGHT. I'M PICKING UP THE BUS ON THE THERMOGRAM... BUT I'M ONLY READING SEVEN PEOPLE. WHERE ARE THE PASSENGERS?
THIRTY HOSTAGES DON'T JUST VANISH. THEY'VE GOTTA BE IN THERE SOMEWHERE--
--AND I'M GONNA FIND 'EM!

PART ONE
SEND A MANIAC TO CATCH ONE!
"CASTLE PHOENIX"! ALL IT NEEDS IS A MOAT!
MAKE SURE WE COME IN NICE AND QUIET...
HEY, SPARTAN! HOW COME THEY CALL YOU DEMOLITION MAN? ARE YOU WITH THE BOMB SQUAD?
GARY CONN WRITER
ROD WHIGHAM PENCILLER
DICK GIORDANO & FRANK McLAUGHLIN INKERS
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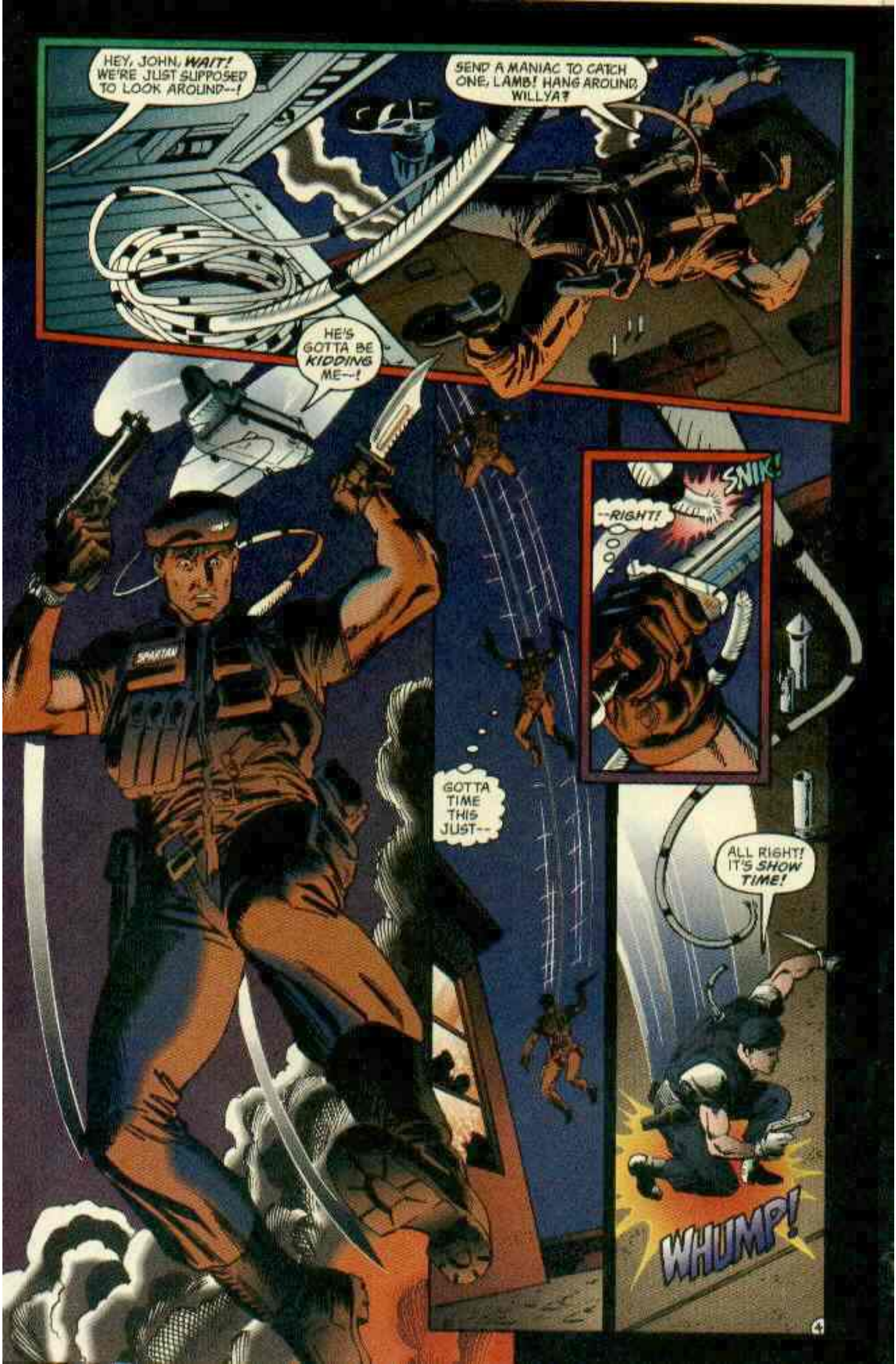
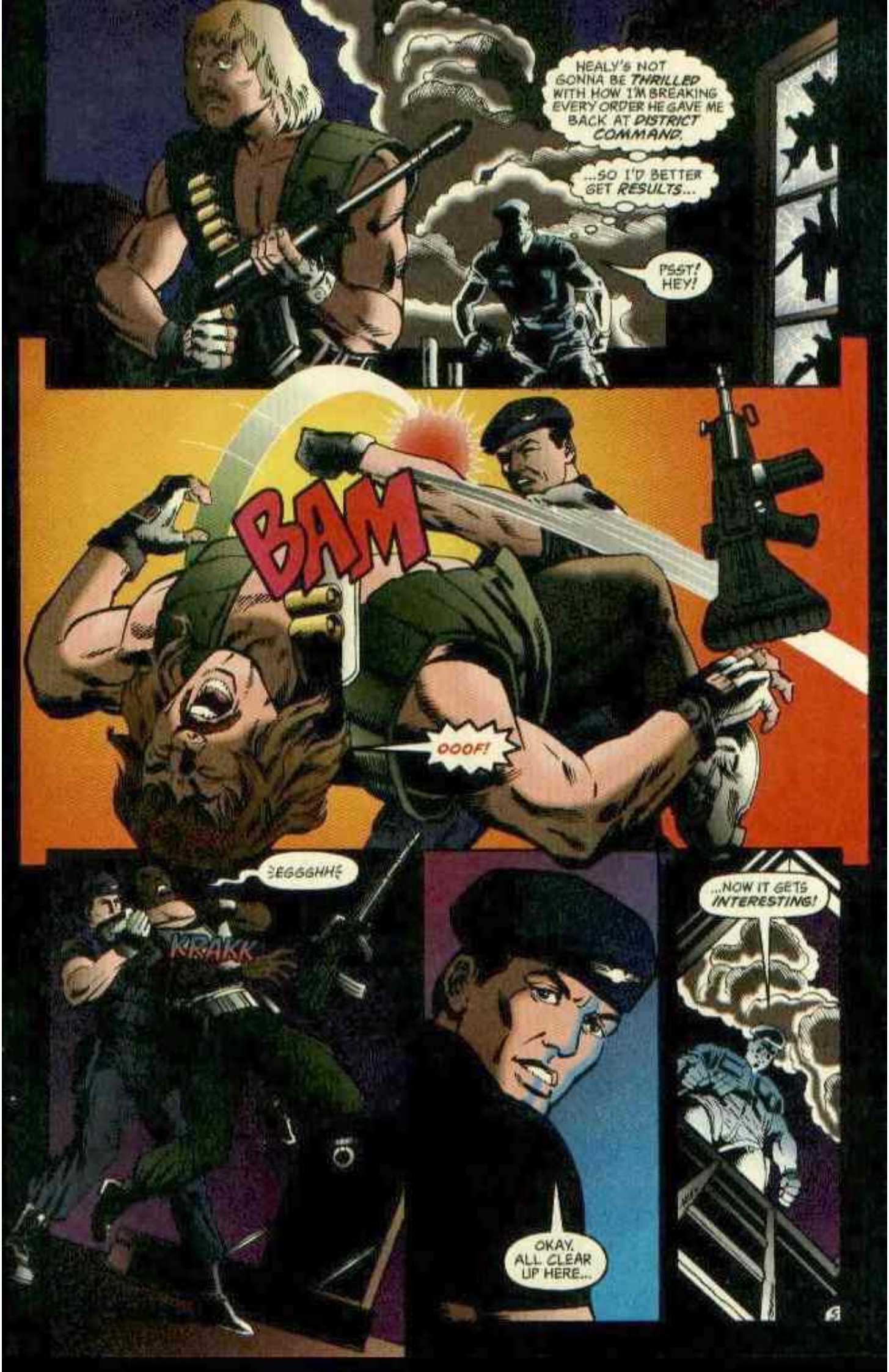
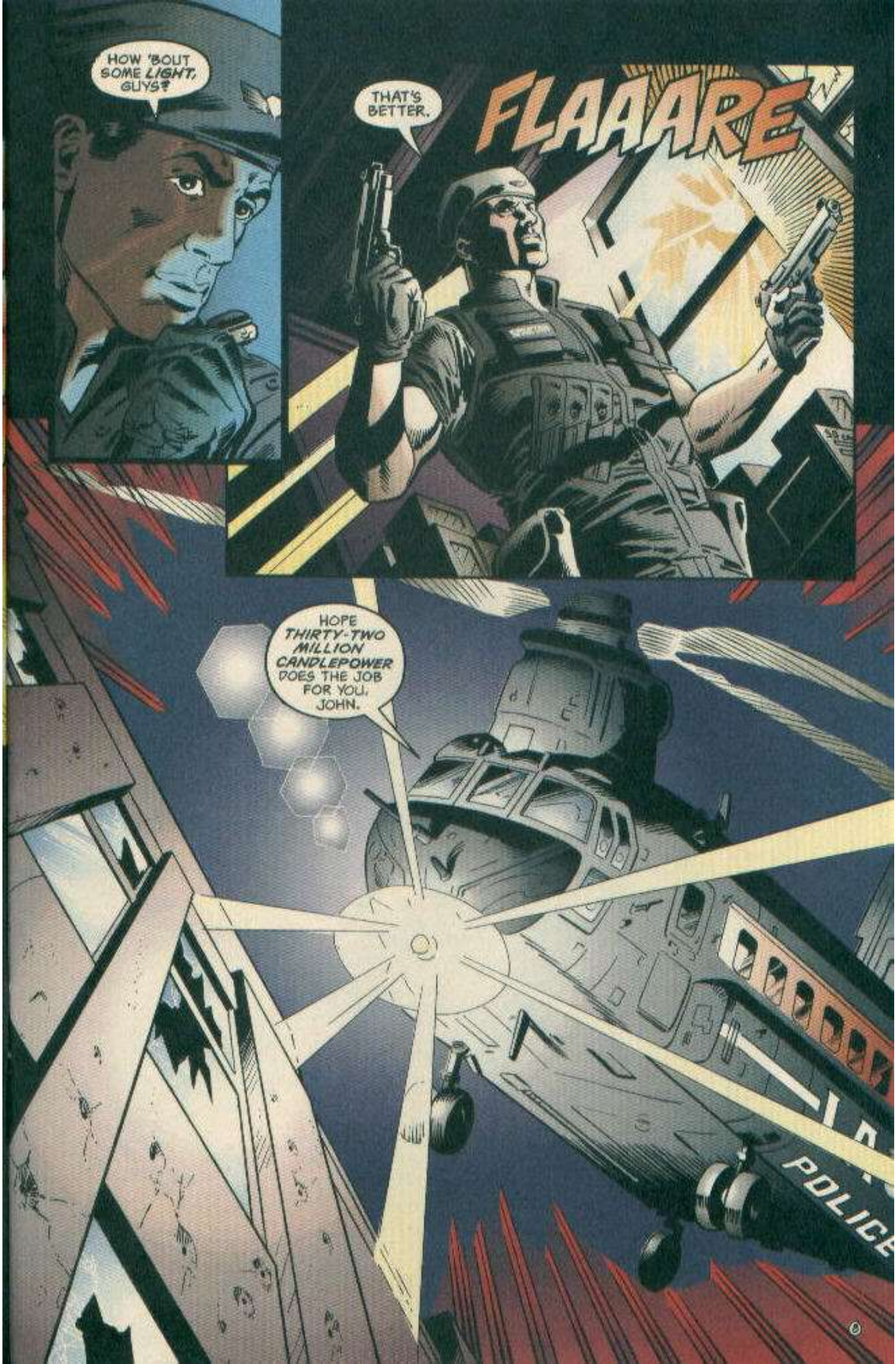

HEY, JOHN, WAIT! WE'RE JUST SUPPOSED TO LOOK AROUND--!
SEND A MANIAC TO CATCH ONE, LAMB! HANG AROUND, WILLYA?
HE'S GOTTA BE KIDDING ME--!
SPARTAN
SNIK!
--RIGHT!
GOTTA TIME THIS JUST--
ALL RIGHT! IT'S SHOW TIME!
WHUMP!
4


HEALY'S NOT GONNA BE THRILLED WITH HOW I'M BREAKING EVERY ORDER HE GAVE ME BACK AT DISTRICT COMMAND.
...SO I'D BETTER GET RESULTS...
PSST! HEY!
BAM
OOOF!
EGGGHH!
KRAKK
OKAY. ALL CLEAR UP HERE...
...NOW IT GETS INTERESTING!

HEY! MIND IF I DROP IN?
WHUGHF!
EEE-YAHH!
NOW YOU'RE COMING TO ME--
--THAT'S WHAT I CALL SERVICE!
CRASH!!
DAMN.
I'M GETTING TIRED OF THIS FOOL.

TCHANG
BAM
WHOA! THAT'S WHAT I CALL A WARM WELCOME!
BUDDAB
BUDDABU
YOU TAKE YOUR SHOTS, DEADEYE...
...AND I'LL TAKE MINE.
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM

YOU LOSE.
NOW IT'S JUST ME AND PHOENIX. WONDER IF HE KNOWS I'M HERE?
CLICK!
I BELIEVE HE DOES.


HOW 'BOUT SOME LIGHT, GUYS?
THAT'S BETTER.
FLAAARE
HOPE THIRTY-TWO MILLION CANDLEPOWER DOES THE JOB FOR YOU, JOHN.
POLICE

ANYBODY HOME?
KRAAASH
CLIK
SLOOOSH
YOU'RE TRESPASSING, SPARTAN.
PHOENIX! DON'T MOVE...
I WON'T. I WOULDN'T WANT TO GET GAS ON MY SHOES...
SSSLLLLL
WHERE ARE THE PASSENGERS?

BACK OFF, SPARTAN. THEY'RE GONE. I TOLD THE CITY--NO ONE COMES DOWN HERE ANYMORE! DAMN BUS DRIVERS WOULDN'T LISTEN.
THIS IS MY KINGDOM NOW--FIFTY BLOCKS IN EVERY DIRECTION!
WRONG. YOUR RENT'S OVERDUE AND I'M YOUR EVICTION NOTICE. YOU'RE UNDER...
...ARREST? OOOH! YOU WANNA BRING ME IN, YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO REACH DOWN MY THROAT AND TEAR OUT MY HEART.
I AIN'T A DOCTOR, BUT I'LL GIVE IT A TRY.
IS IT COLD IN HERE, OR IS IT JUST ME?
PHHT
PHHT
SPUTTER

FLICK
PSSSST
HOW DO YOU LIKE IT, SPARTAN? HOT ENOUGH FOR YOU NOW?
I'M NOT GIVING UP MY KINGDOM TO GO LIVE IN A CAGE! THIS IS MY HELL, SPARTAN! YOU COME HERE, YOU GET BURNED!
FWOOOOSH
WHERE ARE THEY, PHOENIX? WHERE ARE THE HOSTAGES!?
TO HELL WITH THE HOSTAGES! THIS IS ABOUT YOU AND ME, SPARTAN!
DON'T FLATTER YOURSELF! YOU'RE JUST A COCKROACH AN' I'M THE EXTERMINATOR!
WHUUFF

HOLY...! THE WHOLE PLACE IS GOING UP! ITS AN *INFERNO* DOWN THERE!
FORGET REGULATIONS, *CAPTAIN HEALY!* YOU'VE GOTTA MOVE IN! SPARTAN'S DOWN THERE! THE HOSTAGES...!
KRRRAASHH
LA
VROOOM

THAT FEEL GOOD, SPARTAN?
MESS WITH ME, I'LL MESS YOU UP!
WHAK
LET ME TAKE A BIT OFF THE LEFT!
YOU LIKE THAT, COP?
KRUNCHH
I'VE... HAD WORSE...
NOW-- WHERE... ARE... THE HOSTAGES?
WHAM
OH, YOU WANT THE HOSTAGES! WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO?
NOW WHERE DID I PUT... I SWEAR, I'D LOSE MY HEAD IF IT WASN'T ATTACHED...
BDOWW
I'LL KEEP THAT IN MIND.
SPARTAN

WE'RE TOO LATE--THE WHOLE PLACE IS GONNA—
OH MY GOD!
KRAKADOOOOMM

IT'S OVER. NOTHING COULD HAVE LIVED THROUGH...
WAIT-- SOMETHING'S MOVING...
SWAT

SKRRCHH!

IT'S SPARTAN!

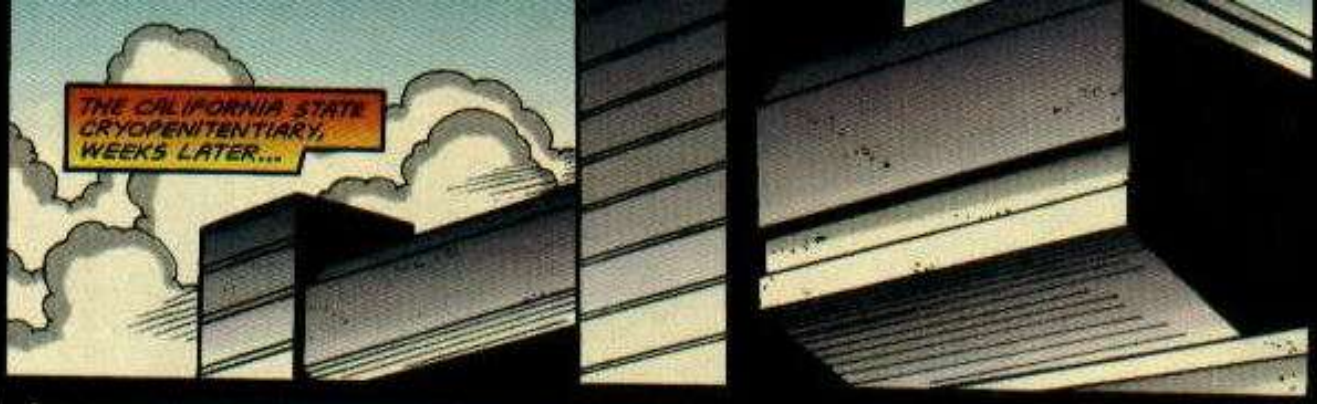
DO YOU UNDERSTAND THE MEANING OF THE WORD "NOT"?!
YOU WERE NOT SUPPOSED TO COME DOWN HERE. YOU WERE NOT SUPPOSED TO ATTEMPT TO ARREST PHOENIX, AND YOU WERE NOT SUPPOSED TO BLOW ANYTHING UP!
NOT ME THIS TIME, CAPTAIN HEALY.
HE DUMPED GAS AND RIGGED THE PLACE TO BLOW.
YEAH, SURE. YOU HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH IT. SO WHERE ARE THE HOSTAGES?
NOT HERE--WE DID A THERMAL CHECK.
THERE WERE ONLY SEVEN--ALL GANG MEMBERS.
WRONG AGAIN!
THEN WHERE ARE THEY, SCUZZBALL?
OH, I'M SURE THEY'LL TURN UP...
WHUMP
LA
CAPTAIN! OVER HERE! THERE'S BODIES EVERYWHERE!
WHAT!?
FIRE 17

THERE MUST BE TWENTY OR THIRTY OF THEM --ALL DEAD!
OH, MY GOD...

THEY WERE HERE, AND HE KNEW IT! I TOLD HIM, AND HE SAID HE DIDN'T CARE!
HOW COULD HE SACRIFICE INNOCENT PEOPLE FOR ME? OH, THE HUMANITY...!

I'LL KILL HIM!
SPARTAN
SEE! HE'S CRAZY! WHAT KIND OF MAN ARE YOU, SPARTAN? WE'RE GONNA SPEND A LOTTA QUALITY TIME TOGETHER!

I'M SORRY, JOHN, BUT IF YOU'VE GOT A LAWYER, YOU'D BETTER CALL HIM.


THE CALIFORNIA STATE CRYOPENITENTIARY, WEEKS LATER...

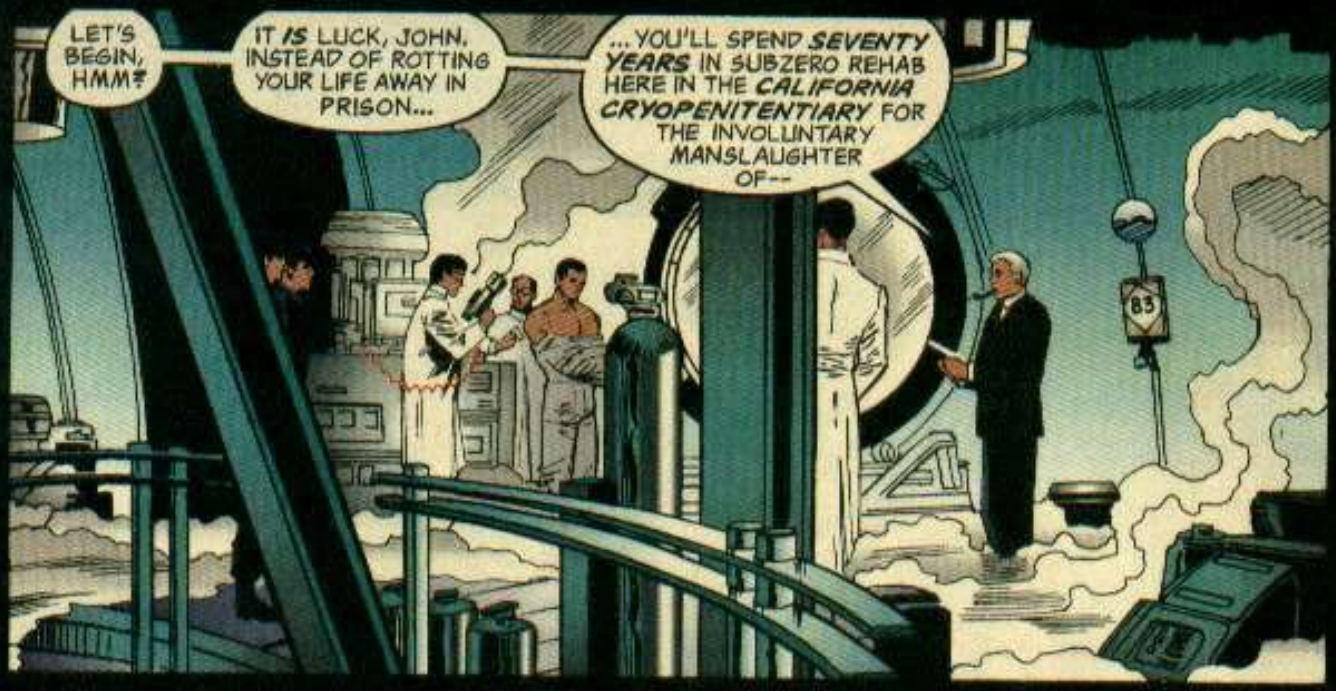
YOUR MOTHER TOLD YOU NEVER TO MARRY A COP.
I NEVER LISTEN TO MY MOTHER.

ARE YOU C-COMING BACK, DADDY?

YEAH, KATIE-- I'LL STILL BE YOUR DAD. I PROMISE.
HERE, HONEY --HANG ONTO THIS FOR ME.
I LOVE YOU, DADDY.
I LOVE YOU BOTH...!

COME ON, SPARTAN--WE GOTTA GO.
PRETTY DAMN COLD IN HERE...
WHAT THE HELL IS THIS PLACE?

JOHN SPARTAN. YOU HAVE DONE GREAT DEEDS FOR THE CITY OF LOS ANGELES, SO IT IS WITH SOME REGRET THAT I EXPLAIN YOUR SENTENCE.
YOU KNOW, YOU'RE LUCKY...
...YOU'VE BEEN SELECTED TO PARTICIPATE IN AN EXPERIMENT IN ENLIGHTENED PENOLOGY.
LUCKY, HUH? LIKE THIS JOKER?
HE LOOKS REAL HAPPY WITH THE HONOR.
20


LET'S BEGIN, HMM?
IT IS LUCK, JOHN. INSTEAD OF ROTTING YOUR LIFE AWAY IN PRISON...
...YOU'LL SPEND SEVENTY YEARS IN SUBZERO REHAB HERE IN THE CALIFORNIA CRYOPENITENTIARY FOR THE INVOLUNTARY MANSLAUGHTER OF--
83

SKIP IT. I KNOW THE SENTENCE.

WHOOSHH

SPLOOSH
SPLOOSH

HIS BODY TEMPERATURE IS DROPPING FAST...
HR
RES
EEG

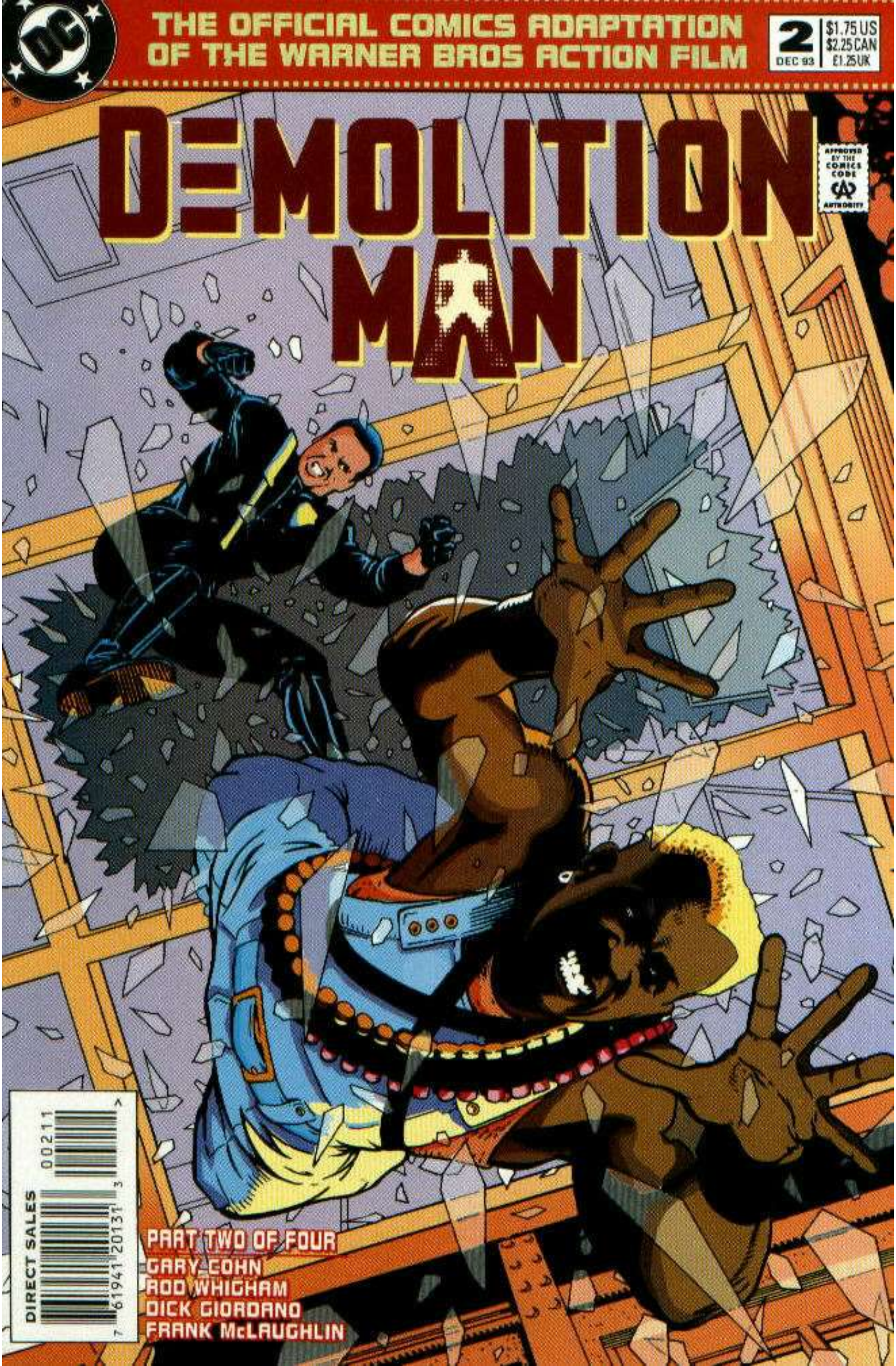
I'M SORRY IT HAS TO BE THIS WAY, JOHN, BUT--
I SAID SKIP IT.
BUT... OH, OKAY.
DON'T CATCH COLD, DEMOLITION MAN.
FUH-FUH-FUNNY! LET'S GET THIS OVER WITH!
IT'S ONLY STARTING FOR YOU, JOHN. WHEN YOU'VE SERVED YOUR SENTENCE, YOU'LL BE A NEW MAN--A BETTER MAN--
--REHABILITATED BY SUBLIMINAL PROGRAMMING WHILE YOU SLEPT.
IF YOU SAY SO, SMITHERS...
...SEE YOU NEXT CENTURY.

THE FLUID IS COLD --A COLD BEYOND COLDNESS. HE THOUGHT HE WAS READY FOR ANYTHING--BUT HE WAS WRONG!
SPLOOOBB
SPLOOOBB
HE WAS ANYTHING BUT READY!
THERE IS NO DEFENSE AGAINST THIS. IT SEIZES HIM WHOLE, STOPS HIM DEAD. HIS BLOOD FREEZES HARD. THEY COULD SMASH HIM, IF THEY WANTED, INTO A MILLION SPLINTERS...
SSSHH
A SINGLE DROP OF REACTANT HITS THE SUPER-COOLED SOLUTION...
PLIPP!
SPLIKT

INSTANTLY--
ALL IS ICE!
CRYO-SOLUTION AT ZERO, SIR--

--HE'S FROZEN SOLID.
INTERNAL TEMP.
0° KELV
THEY HAVE HIM. THEY PLAN TO MOLD HIS MIND, TO SOOTHE HIM, MAKE HIM OVER...

...THEIR MACHINES WILL WHISPER TO HIS HELPLESS MIND. BUT HE WILL NEVER GIVE IN--
WHATEVER IT TAKES, HE WILL REMEMBER!
TO BE CONTINUED...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PART TWO OF FOUR
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JOHN SPARTAN WAS THE TOUGHEST COP IN LOS ANGELES. UNTIL HE TRIED TO SAVE THIRTY HOSTAGES FROM THE MADMAN KNOWN AS SIMON PHOENIX. WHEN THE HOSTAGES DIED, SPARTAN WAS UNJUSTLY SENTENCED TO SEVENTY YEARS IN CRYONIC SUSPENSION. TODAY HE GETS A REPRIEVE.

AUGUST 3, 2032:

RESURRECTION

MELLOW GREETINGS, WARDEN SMITHERS.

AS IT IS A BEAUTIFUL MONDAY MORNING, AND AS MY DUTY IRRATIONALLY REQUIRES, I HEREBY QUERY YOU ON THE PRISON POPULATION UPDATE...

SAPD

GARY CONN WRITER	ROD WHIGHAM PENCILLER	DICK GIORDANO FRANK McLAUGHLIN INKERS
STEVE HAYNIE LETTERER	TODD BROEKER COLORIST	ALAN GOLD EDITOR

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...DOES THE TEDIUM CONTINUE?
YOUR EARNEST QUESTIONAGE IS AS AMUSING AS IT IS IRRELEVANT, LT. HUXLEY.
THE PRISON REFORM IS SLOW AND MONOTONOUS, THE TEDIUM IS PERMANENT.
SPARTAN J.
THE PRISONERS ARE ICE CUBES. THEY DO NOT MOVE. THEY HAVE NO THOUGHTS OR FEELINGS.
THEIR CRIMINAL INSTINCTS ARE BEING REPROGRAMMED AS THEY SLEEP.
I FIND THIS LACK OF STIMULUS TRULY DISAPPOINTING... DON'T YOU THINK?
I TRY NOT TO. HOWEVER, YOU ARE YOUNG. THINK ALL YOU WANT. I'LL FIBER-OP YOU BACK AFTER THE MORNING NON-PAROLE HEARINGS.
BE WELL, LIEUTENANT.
PALM PRINTS-- RETINA SCANS-- SEEMS SO ARCHAIC...
THINGS DON'T HAPPEN ANYMORE-- WE'VE TAKEN CARE OF THAT!
CODING ACCEPTED. RETINA CONFIRM.
THANK YOU AND BE WELL, WARDEN WILLIAM SMITHERS.
RETINA SCAN

OH, SURE. YOU BE WELL YOURSELF...
WELL, THEN, IS THIS OUR FIRST HEARING? MY, DOESN'T HE LOOK BRIGHT AND CHIPPER...!
LET'S GET ON WITH IT...
MR. HORACE BATEMAN, TWENTY-NINE YEARS AGO THE PAROLE SYSTEM AS YOU KNOW IT WAS RENDERED OBSOLETE.
FEDERAL STATUTE 537-29 REQUIRES WE GO THROUGH THE FORMALITY OF A HEARING WITH ALL PRISONERS INCARCERATED BEFORE THE REPEAL OF THE PAROLE LAWS.
COCTEAU BEHAVIORAL ENGINEERING WILL CONTINUE REHABILITATION BY ALTERING YOUR BEHAVIOR THROUGH SYNAPTIC SUGGESTION DURING CRYONIC SLEEP. DO YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT I'VE SAID?
GUARDS, NOD HIS HEAD FOR HIM...
YOUR HEARING IS OVER. YOU ARE TO BE RETURNED TO YOUR CRYO-CELL IMMEDIATELY. NIGHTIE NIGHT.
NE-XT!
AH, MR. SIMON PHOENIX, ONE OF OUR FIRST AND MOST ILLUSTRIOUS GUESTS. LET'S GET THIS ONE OVER QUICK...
IL...
LUSTRIOUS...
GUEST...
...LET'S...
GET THIS ONE...
OVER QUICK...
YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO BE ABLE TO DO THAT!
DO THAT...

STOP THAT! NOW...
TWENTY-NINE YEARS AGO THE PAROLE SYSTEM--
TWENTY-NINE YEARS AGO THE PAROLE SYSTEM--
--WAS RENDERED OBSOLETE.
--WAS RENDERED OBSOLETE.
I SAID STOP IT! DO YOU HAVE ANYTHING FRESH TO SAY IN YOUR BEHALF, MR. PHOENIX?
WHAM
I THOUGHT NOT.
YEAH. YEAH, I DO.
TEDDY BEAR.
NO! HOW DID YOU KNOW THE PASSWORD TO THE CUFFS!?
I HAVE NO IDEA...
SNIK

THWOK!
...BUT SINCE I DO...
...SIMON SAYS...
...YOU'RE DEAD!
YOU... YOU BARBARIAN!
PHIPP
OOH-- INSULTS! TIME FOR YOU TO GO TO SLEEP-- FOREVER!
AS FOR YOU-- I TOLD YOU YOU'RE DEAD!
HE'S INSANE! GOT TO GET--
CRAKK!

WHERE YA GOIN', WARDEN SMITHERS?
OH, YEAH... I REMEMBER YOU REAL WELL. WHAT SAY WE GET REACQUAINTED?
NOW THEN... HI, WARDEN, HOW YA BEEN?
WELL, THAT'S ENOUGH TALK...
P...PLEASE...
I'LL JUST BORROW YOUR NICE PEN...
WHAT'S WRONG, SMITHERS? CAN'T LOOK ME IN THE EYE?
EEYYAAGGHH
KEVKORP

ELSEWHERE...
HUXLEY, LENINA, CODING ON.
NO POLICE PRESENCE REQUESTED IN THE CITY AT THIS TIME. REPORT TO THE STATION. GOOD MORNING, OFFICER HUXLEY.
OH, WOW. HOW EXCITING.
I DETECT A HEIGHTENED LEVEL OF STRESS IN YOUR TONE. SHALL I PRESCRIBE A--
WHAT ARE YOU, MY MOTHER?
I MEAN, NO-- BUT THANKS FOR CARING.
I'LL BE REPORTING IN NOW...
MEEP!
K-CHINK
FOR AN INSTANT THE TRANQUILITY IS VIOLATED BY A MESSAGE OF DISSENT...
SPOOOSH
SZZZZZZH
...INSTANTLY ERASED BY SHOCK POLES...
...AND ALL IS PERFECTION AGAIN.

ALL RIGHT, THAT'S IT.
ZIP!
LOADING DOCK
FOODLINE
"FOOD, GLORIOUS FOOD! IN TWELVE HOURS THERE'LL BE ANOTHER SHIPMENT--THEY'RE JUST TOO PREDICTABLE!"
"EVERYTHING'S SO NEAT AND ORDERLY. WHERE'S THE SPORT IN IT?!"
"WE'RE NOT READY, FRIENDLY!"
BEANS
RICE
HEY, GUY, IT DOESN'T MATTER IF WE'RE READY OR NOT! WE'VE GOT NOTHING TO LOSE... EXCEPT MAYBE OUR LIVES!
ZIP!
NOW COME ON-- WE'VE GOT THINGS TO DO, PEOPLE TO SEE, FOOD TO STEAL...!

MEANWHILE, AT SAN ANGELES POLICE HEADQUARTERS:
OK
OK
OK
GREETINGS AND SALUTATIONS, LIEUTENANT HUXLEY.
MELLOW GREETINGS, MERWIN. LET ME GUESS--ALL IS SERENE.
HARDLY. THERE WAS A BRUTAL DEFACEMENT OF PUBLIC BUILDINGS. WALLS SMUDGED!
REALLY? BRUTAL. WHY WASN'T THERE AN "ALL CARS" NOTIFICATION?
GREETINGS, LENINA HUXLEY. THE CAPTAIN FELT NO NEED TO CREATE WIDESPREAD PANIC.
THE CAPTAIN ...?
THAT'S RIGHT, LIEUTENANT HUXLEY. I MONITORED YOUR NEGATIVE COMMENTS TO THE WARDEN THIS MORNING. YOUR FASCINATION WITH THE VULGAR 20TH CENTURY SEEMS TO BE AFFECTING YOUR BETTER JUDGMENT.
YOU'RE SETTING A BAD EXAMPLE FOR OTHER OFFICERS.
THANK YOU FOR THE ATTITUDE READJUSTMENT, CAPTAIN EARLE.
MORON.
VIOLATION OF VERBAL MORALITY STATUTE!
MORALITY
LENINA HUXLEY, YOU ARE HEREBY FINED ONE HALF CREDIT.
WHEW! THAT WAS TENSE! LENINA HUXLEY, DO YOU REALLY LIKE ALL THESE HORRIBLE 20TH-CENTURY OBJECTS?
OF COURSE. IT REMINDS ME OF A TIME WHEN THINGS ACTUALLY HAPPENED! AREN'T YOU BORED?
GOODNESS, NO. I FIND MY WORK DEEPLY FULFILLING.

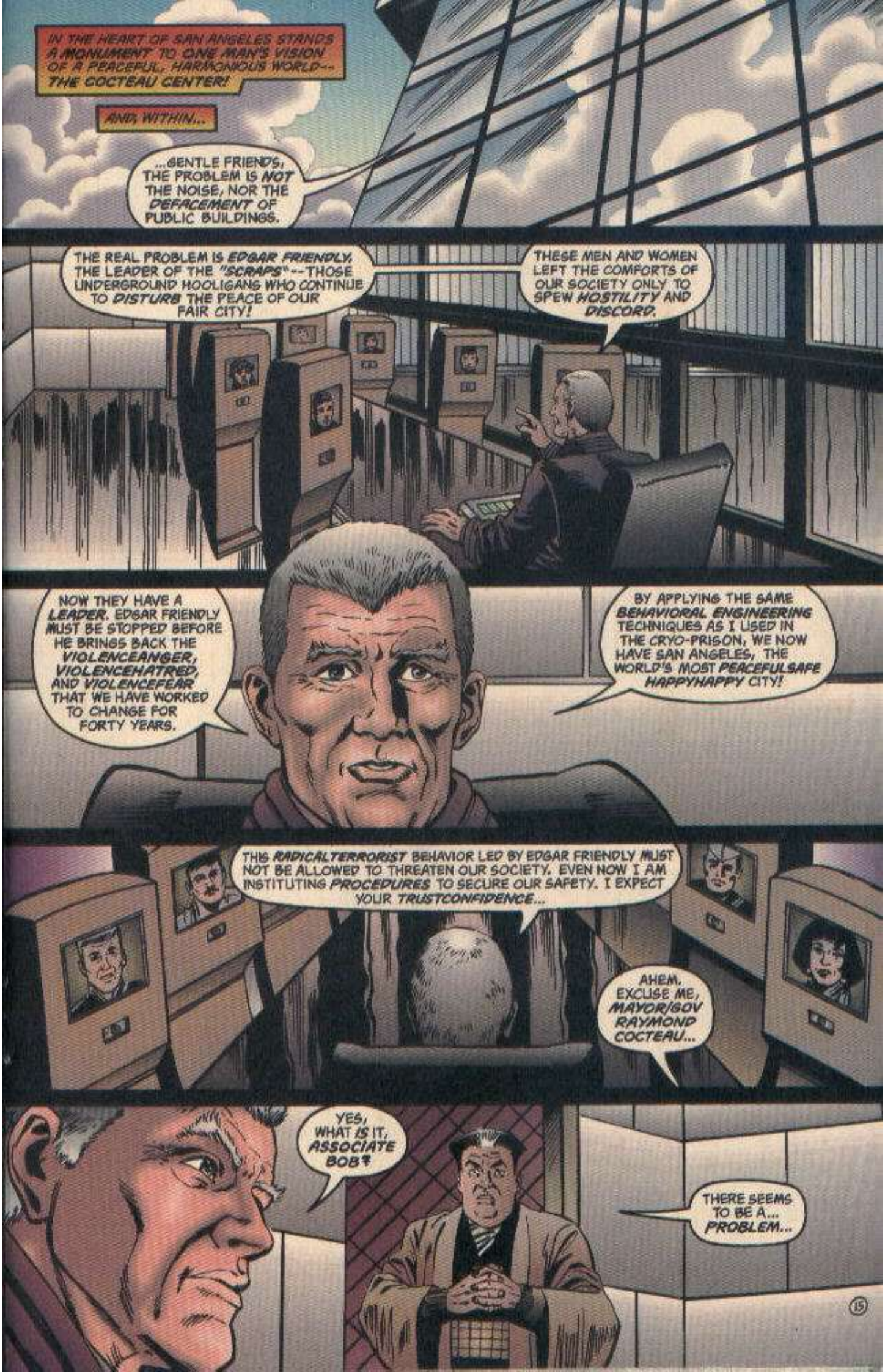
SUDDENLY...
SAN ANGELES
ONE EIGHT SEVEN. ONE EIGHT SEVEN. ONE EIGHT SEVEN...
MEEP MEEP MEEP MEEP
OH MY, OH MY, OH MY...
HEY-- WHAT'S GOING ON OUT HERE ...?
WHAT'S WRONG WITH THEM ALL? WHAT'S A "ONE EIGHT SEVEN"?
I HAVE NO IDEA! LET ME PUNCH IT UP ON A TERMINAL...
THAT'S THE CRYO-PRISON! WARDEN SMITHERS...
CRYO PRISON
MURDER DEATH KILL? IT'S... IMPOSSIBLE...
MURDER DEATH KILL
WILLIAM SMITHERS, WARDEN. SPECIFICATION: DECEASED. DO YOU WISH TO ASSIGN A CORONER?
WHAT'S HAPPENING THERE...?
10

WHILE...
RETINA SCAN AFFIRMATIVE. ACCESS GRANTED, WARDEN WILLIAM SMITHERS. BE WELL.
RETINA SCAN
THANK YOU, DEAR. I HAVE AN EYE FOR YOU.
WELL, SOMEBODY'S EYE, ANYWAY...
NOW, HOW DO I GET OUTTA HERE? AND WHERE DO I GET SOME DECENT CLOTHES?
OUTSIDE...
OH, DOCTOR... GOING MY WAY?
THERE'S A PROBLEM. MY VEHICLE ONLY SEATS ONE...
THAT'S NO PROBLEM. NONE AT ALL...

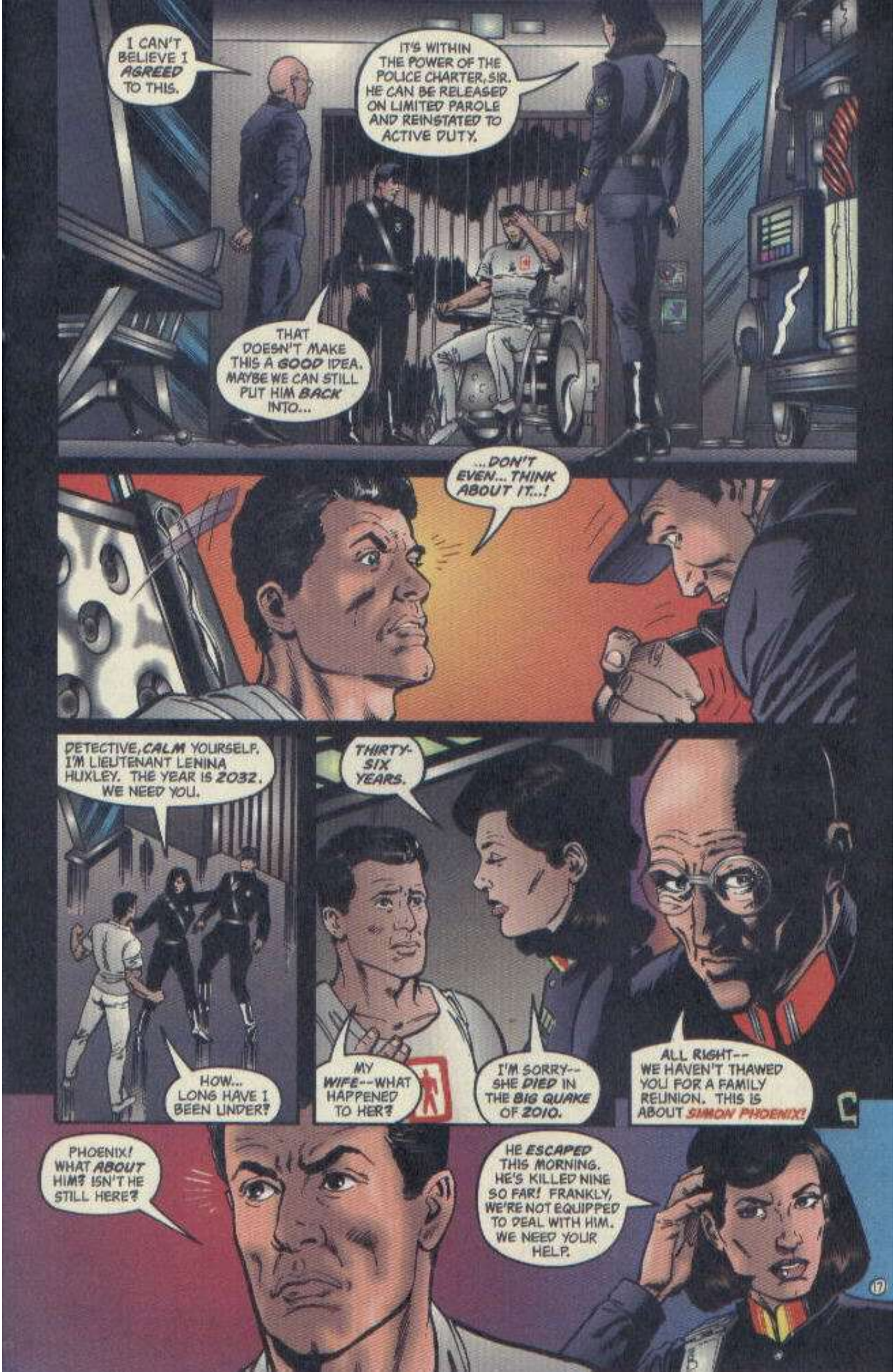
WHAT'S GOING ON, LIEUTENANT HUXLEY?
THREE NON-SANCTIONED LIFE TERMINATIONS, OFFICER LAMB! AT THE CRYO-PRISON-- MURDER-DEATH-KILLS! I'M ACCESSING THE CRYO-PEN'S MORNING HEARING SCHEDULE...
LOOK THERE-- PHOENIX! SIMON PHOENIX!
WHO?!
I KNEW HIM! WE ALL KNEW HIM! THE WORST OF THE WORST! EVIL LIKE YOU'VE ONLY READ ABOUT!
SAPD
CRYOPRISON
EXT.
LOOK-- ANOTHER BODY! WE'RE UP TO FOUR MDK'S!
EVERYONE-- ENHANCE YOUR CALM! PHOENIX MUST HAVE STOLEN THE DOCTOR'S CONVEYANCE! COMPUTER...?
VEHICLE CODE- FIXED AT CORNER OF WILSHIRE AND SANTA MONICA.
SO THIS IS THE FUTURE, HUH? WHITEBREAD CITY!
WILSHIRE ◆ SANTA MONICA
DAMN. WHAT'S THIS THING...?

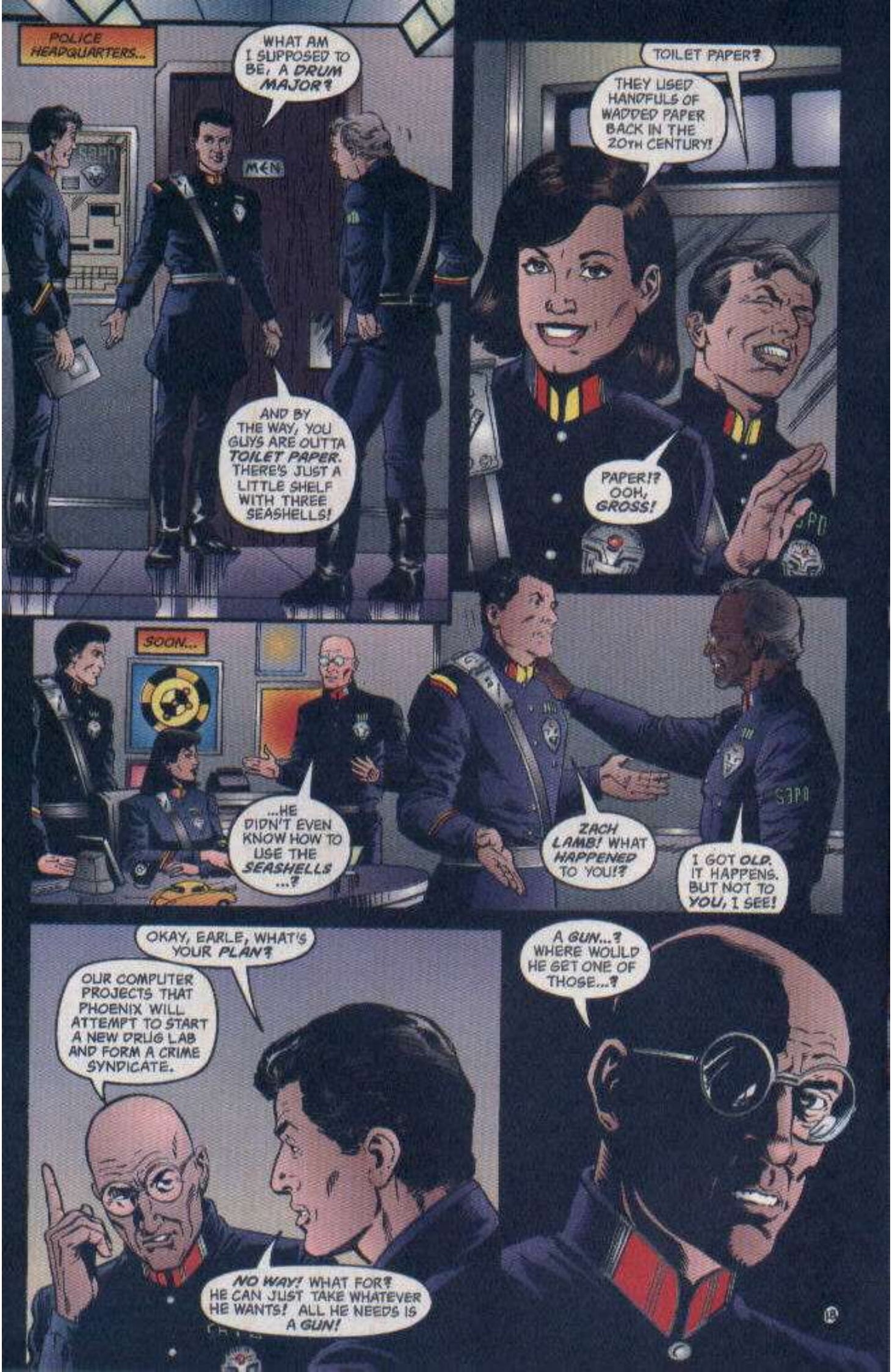
IT'S A PUBLIC COMPUTER TERMINAL!
I DON'T KNOW HOW I KNOW HOW TO WORK ALL THIS STUFF... BUT HERE GOES.
YOU HAVE REACHED SECURE MAILBOX FACILITIES FOR... SIMON PHOENIX.
WONDER IF I CAN PLAY THE ACCORDION NOW TOO...
FRIENDLY, EDU
LEADER: SCRAPS
THIS THING'S FEEDING ME LOTS OF INFO--SOMEONE'S GONE TO A LOT OF TROUBLE TO TEACH ME EVERYTHING I NEED TO KNOW...
...BUT I'LL BET IT WASN'T YOU GUYS!
SAN ANGELES POLICE! SURRENDER PEACEFULLY OR WE WILL BE FORCED TO SUBDUE YOU FIRMLY.
GEEZ, GOSH, AND YOU WEAR SUCH TIDY UNIFORMS, TOO!
WHAKK
WHUMMP
SO WHAT DO YOU DO IF I RESIST ARREST... FIRMLY?
AGGH! HE'S CRAZY...!
SIMON SAYS... DIE!
SKRUNKK

SIMON SAYS YOU'RE ALL A BUNCH OF WIMPS! DON'T YOU HAVE ANY REAL COPS IN THIS CENTURY?
THOK
MY GOD--HE'S SLAUGHTERING THEM ALL!
I'VE NEVER IMAGINED SUCH BRUTALITY.
IT'S JUST LIKE THE OLD DAYS...
HEY, I'M BEING WATCHED! SO SORRY, FANS...
ZZZUTT
"...SHOW'S OVER!"
WE'VE LOST EVERY CAMERA FOR SIX BLOCKS AROUND!
GOING TO CENTURY CITY AT TWELVE HUNDRED MILLIMETERS!
WE'VE GOT AN IMAGE AGAIN! BUT PHOENIX IS...GONE!


IN THE HEART OF SAN ANGELES STANDS A MONUMENT TO ONE MAN'S VISION OF A PEACEFUL, HARMONIOUS WORLD--THE COCTEAU CENTER!
AND, WITHIN...
...GENTLE FRIENDS, THE PROBLEM IS NOT THE NOISE, NOR THE DEFACEMENT OF PUBLIC BUILDINGS.
THE REAL PROBLEM IS EDGAR FRIENDLY. THE LEADER OF THE "SCRAPS"--THOSE UNDERGROUND HOOLIGANS WHO CONTINUE TO DISTURB THE PEACE OF OUR FAIR CITY!
THESE MEN AND WOMEN LEFT THE COMFORTS OF OUR SOCIETY ONLY TO SPEW HOSTILITY AND DISCORD.
NOW THEY HAVE A LEADER. EDGAR FRIENDLY MUST BE STOPPED BEFORE HE BRINGS BACK THE VIOLENCEANGER, VIOLENCEHATRED, AND VIOLENCEFEAR THAT WE HAVE WORKED TO CHANGE FOR FORTY YEARS.
BY APPLYING THE SAME BEHAVIORAL ENGINEERING TECHNIQUES AS I USED IN THE CRYO-PRISON, WE NOW HAVE SAN ANGELES, THE WORLD'S MOST PEACEFULSAFE HAPPYHAPPY CITY!
THIS RADICALTERRORIST BEHAVIOR LED BY EDGAR FRIENDLY MUST NOT BE ALLOWED TO THREATEN OUR SOCIETY. EVEN NOW I AM INSTITUTING PROCEDURES TO SECURE OUR SAFETY. I EXPECT YOUR TRUSTCONFIDENCE...
AHEM. EXCUSE ME, MAYOR/GOV RAYMOND COCTEAU...
YES, WHAT IS IT, ASSOCIATE BOB?
THERE SEEMS TO BE A... PROBLEM...

IT WAS... I MEAN IT WAS SO... GRAPHIC...HOW CAN A MAN BE SO SADISTIC? IT WAS FUN FOR HIM...!
ENHANCE YOUR CALM, MERWIN...
HE MDK'D AN ENTIRE SIX-MAN SQUAD! DESTROYED AN OFFICIAL GOVERNMENT VEHICLE...! BLANKED SIX SQUARE-BLOCKS OF MONITORS! HOW CAN WE STOP SUCH A MONSTER?
SPARTAN.
WHAT DID YOU SAY, ZACHARY LAMB?
THAT'S HOW WE FINALLY CAUGHT HIM. TWELVE-STATE MANHUNT, SATELLITE SURVEILLANCE... NONE OF IT WORKED! IN THE END IT WAS ONE MAN. ONE COP. JOHN SPARTAN!
JOHN SPARTAN!? YOU MEAN, THE DEMOLITION MAN!
ANOTHER MONSTER! I KNOW THE LEGEND! A MUSCLE-BOUND GROTESQUE--AN ANIMAL! AT LEAST HE'S STILL SAFELY LOCKED AWAY IN CRYO-SUSPENSION...
...AND I WILL NEVER AUTHORIZE HIS REVIVAL!
"BUT CAPTAIN EARLE... WHAT CHOICE DO WE HAVE?"
ALL RIGHT...LET'S BRING HIM OUT OF IT.
CAUTION


I CAN'T BELIEVE I AGREED TO THIS.
IT'S WITHIN THE POWER OF THE POLICE CHARTER, SIR. HE CAN BE RELEASED ON LIMITED PAROLE AND REINSTATED TO ACTIVE DUTY.
THAT DOESN'T MAKE THIS A GOOD IDEA. MAYBE WE CAN STILL PUT HIM BACK INTO...
...DON'T EVEN... THINK ABOUT IT...!
DETECTIVE, CALM YOURSELF. I'M LIEUTENANT LENINA HUXLEY. THE YEAR IS 2032. WE NEED YOU.
HOW... LONG HAVE I BEEN UNDER?
THIRTY-SIX YEARS.
MY WIFE--WHAT HAPPENED TO HER?
I'M SORRY-- SHE DIED IN THE BIG QUAKE OF 2010.
ALL RIGHT-- WE HAVEN'T THAWED YOU FOR A FAMILY REUNION. THIS IS ABOUT SIMON PHOENIX!
PHOENIX! WHAT ABOUT HIM? ISN'T HE STILL HERE?
HE ESCAPED THIS MORNING. HE'S KILLED NINE SO FAR! FRANKLY, WE'RE NOT EQUIPPED TO DEAL WITH HIM. WE NEED YOUR HELP.


POLICE HEADQUARTERS...
WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO BE, A DRUM MAJOR?
MEN
AND BY THE WAY, YOU GUYS ARE OUTTA TOILET PAPER. THERE'S JUST A LITTLE SHELF WITH THREE SEASHELLS!
TOILET PAPER?
THEY USED HANDFULS OF WADDED PAPER BACK IN THE 20TH CENTURY!
PAPER!? OOH, GROSS!
SOON...
...HE DIDN'T EVEN KNOW HOW TO USE THE SEASHELLS ...?
ZACH LAMB! WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU!?
I GOT OLD. IT HAPPENS. BUT NOT TO YOU, I SEE!
OKAY, EARLE, WHAT'S YOUR PLAN?
OUR COMPUTER PROJECTS THAT PHOENIX WILL ATTEMPT TO START A NEW DRUG LAB AND FORM A CRIME SYNDICATE.
NO WAY! WHAT FOR? HE CAN JUST TAKE WHATEVER HE WANTS! ALL HE NEEDS IS A GUN!
A GUN...? WHERE WOULD HE GET ONE OF THOSE...?

SAN ANGELES MUSEUM OF ART AND HISTORY:
IF YOU CARE TO EXPERIENCE A DAY IN THE LIFE OF OLD LOS ANGELES IN THE WILD NINETIES, PLEASE PRESS THE BUTTON.
GEE, IT'S SO NOISY!
YES, ISN'T IT "GROOVY"?
ERRRRRR
'EY PETUNA!
AH-- THE SOUNDS AND SIGHTS OF HOME! AND JUST DOWN THIS HALL...
BANG BANG
HONK HONK
SKREEECH
RUMMMBLE
HALL OF VIOLENCE
DAMN DAMN DAMN WHAT'S IT TAKE TO BREAK THIS STUFF?
WHUMP WHUMP WHUMP
MELLOW GREETINGS. WHAT SEEMS TO BE YOUR BOGGLE?
MY BOGGLE...? LISTEN, I CAN'T FIND ANYTHING TO BREAK THIS WITH. Y'KNOW, LIKE A ROCK, A CROWBAR, A HEAVY OBJECT...
TELL ME... WHATTA YOU WEIGH?
TINKLE
KRAAAASH!
TINKLE
TINKLE

ALL RIGHT! A SAVAGE 12-GAUGE "STREET-SWEEPER." LET'S SEE IF THESE SHELLS ARE LIVE AMMO...
HOO BOY! LIVE IS RIGHT! IF YOU ONLY HAVE ONE SHOTGUN...!
BLAAMM
BUT THIS IS THE FUTURE! WHERE ARE THE PHASER GUNS?
BLAM
BLAM
MAYBE THIS THING...
EXCUSE ME, MUSEUM PATRON. MAY I HELP YOU?
NO THANKS...
INFO
...I'M HELPING MYSELF JUST FINE!
BOOM BOOM

HEY--LOOKS LIKE THEY DON'T WANT ME LEAVING WITH ALL THE GOODIES!
SORRY NO EXIT
GUESS I'LL JUST HAVE TO FIND ANOTHER WAY OUT!

MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE...
YUP, HE'S IN THERE, ALL RIGHT.
PROCEDURE?
ESTABLISH COMMUNICATION WITH MANIAC INTRUDER.
WHAT IS THAT THING?
STRATEGIC APPREHENSION COMPUTER --IT TELLS US WHAT TO DO.

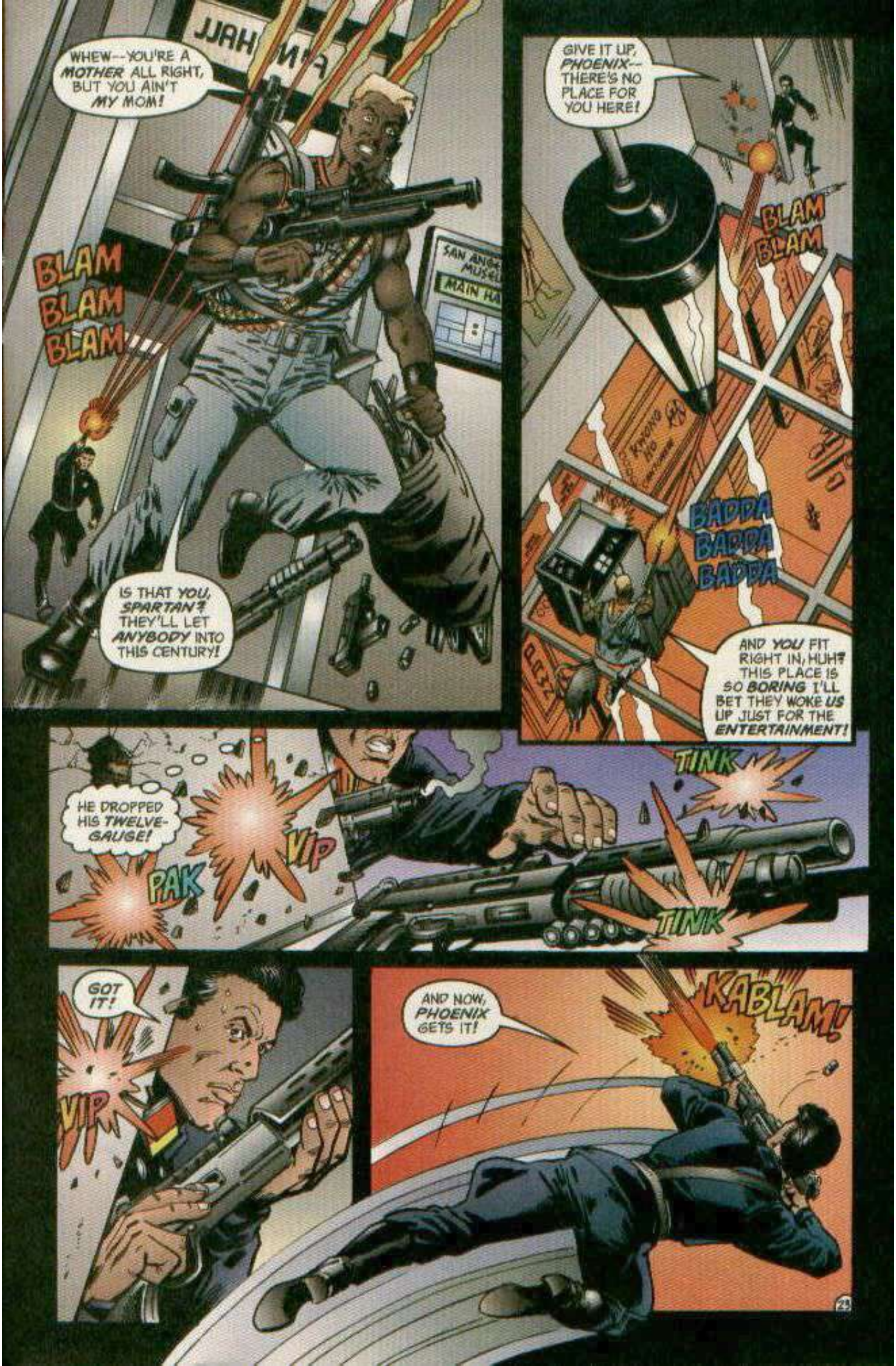
YEAH? WELL, IT TELLS YOU WRONG. GIMME A WEAPON.
WHAT THE HELL'S THAT?
IT'S A GLOW ROD.

DOES IT WORK?
ZZZAAAAK
GUESS SO.

OKAY, PHOENIX-- TIME FOR THE REMATCH.

SO HOW DO I GET IN...

KATHOOOM!
...THERE...!
WHAT CAN I SAY-- I'M A BLAST FROM THE PAST!
YOU SHOULD'VE STAYED THERE!
WHO IS THAT? YOUR VOICE SOUNDS FAMILIAR...
...MOM?
BADDA BADDA BADDA
THERE YOU ARE!
FINALLY--A REAL GUN!
BLAM
BLAM
KA-CHUNK!


WHEW--YOU'RE A MOTHER ALL RIGHT, BUT YOU AIN'T MY MOM!
BLAM BLAM BLAM
IS THAT YOU, SPARTAN? THEY'LL LET ANYBODY INTO THIS CENTURY!
GIVE IT UP, PHOENIX--THERE'S NO PLACE FOR YOU HERE!
BLAM BLAM
BADDA BADDA BADDA
AND YOU FIT RIGHT IN, HUH? THIS PLACE IS SO BORING I'LL BET THEY WOKE US UP JUST FOR THE ENTERTAINMENT!
HE DROPPED HIS TWELVE-GAUGE!
PAK
VIP
TINK
TINK
GOT IT!
VIP
AND NOW, PHOENIX GETS IT!
KABLAM!

SNAP!
YOU LOSE YOUR AIM, SPARTAN! THAT WASN'T EVEN...
OH, SHEE-OOT.
YOU'RE GOIN' DOWN, PHOENIX!
CRAASSHH!
LOOKS LIKE WE BOTH ARE, SMART GUY! YEEAHH...!
TO BE CONTINUED...
24

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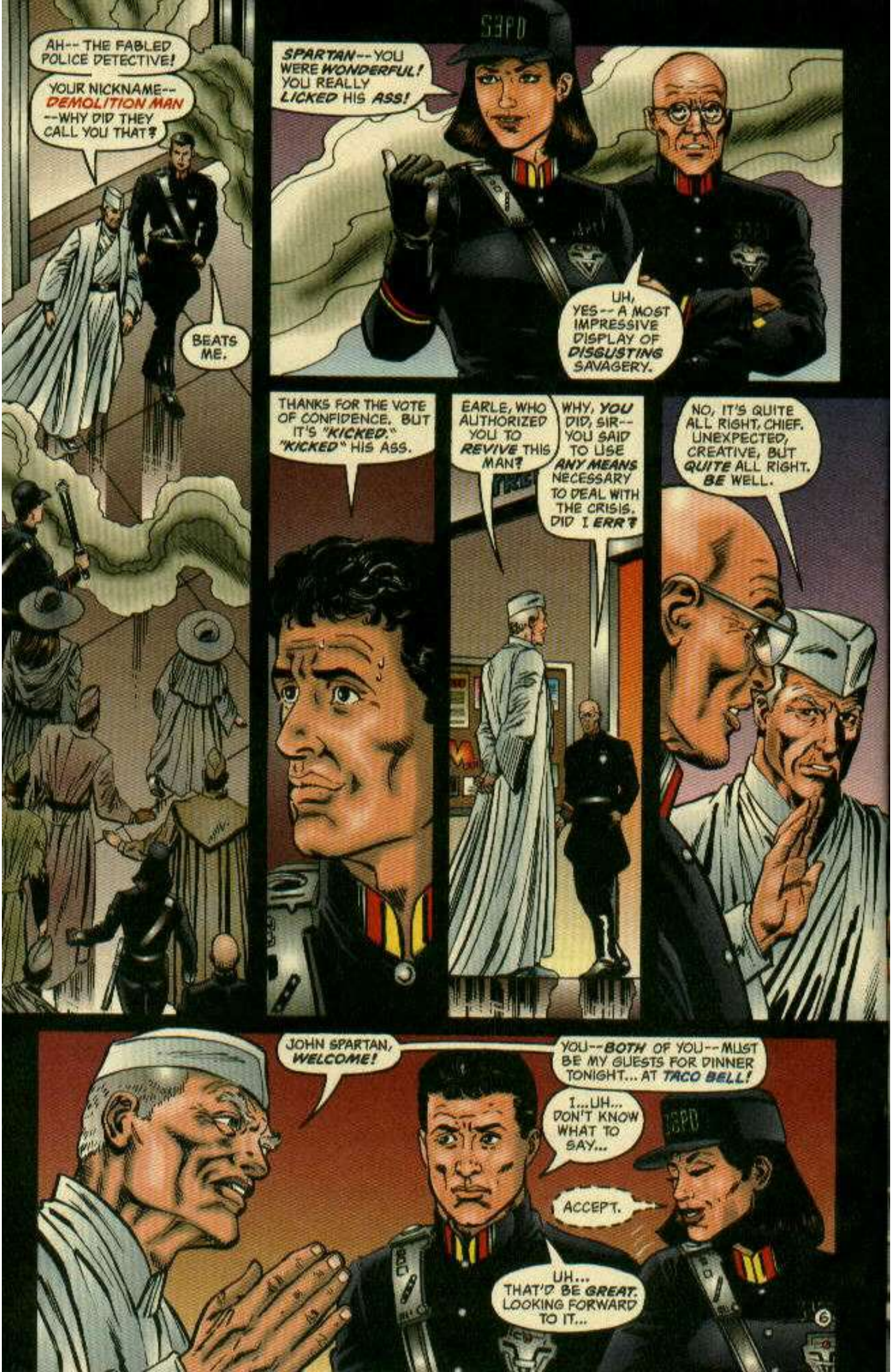
WOW! TALK ABOUT AUTHENTIC!
K-WHAM!
OKAY, SPARTAN, TIME TO DIE!
YOU FORGOT TO SAY, "SIMON SAYS!"
YOU KEEP TELLIN' ME TO DIE...
...SPARTAN SAYS...
YEAHGGHH!
WOO! WHAT A RUSH!
THUNKK!
..."SIMON FRY!"
ZZZAAKKK!

WHAT A BRAVE NEW WORLD, HUH, SPARTAN?
TOO BAD YOU HAVE TO LEAVE!
WHOOMM! WHOOMM!
THAT'S A HELLUVA POPGUN YOU GOT THERE, PHOENIX--
BUT IT DON'T MEAN NOTHING--
IF YOU CAN'T HIT WHAT YOU AIM AT!
BLAM BLAM BLAM BLA

MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE...
SIR, THE "STRESS-BREEDER" IS INSIDE BEING DEMOBILIZED AS WE SPEAK...
THANK YOU, ASSOCIATE BOB. YOUR ASSURANCES ARE MOST TRANQUILITY-INDUCING.
MUSEUM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
GET DOWN, SIR--THEY'RE TRYING TO KILL US!
HELLO.
DAMN--BEING FROZEN HAS THROWN OFF MY AIM! DON'T WORRY--I'LL KILL YOU WITH THE NEXT SHOT!
I DON'T THINK SO.
UH... WHAT'S WRONG ...WITH ME...?
AH, NO KISS-KISS--NO BANG-BANG. AND YOU WERE DOING SO WELL.
NOW, DON'T YOU HAVE SOMEONE NAMED EDGAR FRIENDLY TO KILL?
YEAH... I DO...

PHOENIX-- GET OUTTA THAT MAN'S FACE!
MY, MY-- YOU SEEM TO HAVE SCARED HIM OFF.
YOU DON'T KNOW HOW LUCKY YOU ARE THAT MANIAC DIDN'T WHACK YOU!
NO DOUBT WHACKING-- WHATEVER IT IS-- WOULD BE VERY BAD. YOU'VE SAVED MY LIFE THEN.
YEAH... I GUESS SO... I JUST CAN'T FIGURE WHY HE DIDN'T BLOW YOU AWAY WHEN HE HAD THE CHANCE.
COME, LET US RETURN TO THE MUSEUM AND TEND TO THE DAMAGE. I AM RAYMOND COCTEAU--AND YOU?
SPARTAN. JOHN SPARTAN.
6


AH-- THE FABLED POLICE DETECTIVE!
YOUR NICKNAME-- DEMOLITION MAN --WHY DID THEY CALL YOU THAT?
BEATS ME.
SPARTAN-- YOU WERE WONDERFUL! YOU REALLY LICKED HIS ASS!
UH, YES-- A MOST IMPRESSIVE DISPLAY OF DISGUSTING SAVAGERY.
THANKS FOR THE VOTE OF CONFIDENCE. BUT IT'S "KICKED." "KICKED" HIS ASS.
EARLE, WHO AUTHORIZED YOU TO REVIVE THIS MAN?
WHY, YOU DID, SIR-- YOU SAID TO USE ANY MEANS NECESSARY TO DEAL WITH THE CRISIS. DID I ERR?
NO, IT'S QUITE ALL RIGHT, CHIEF. UNEXPECTED, CREATIVE, BUT QUITE ALL RIGHT. BE WELL.
JOHN SPARTAN, WELCOME!
YOU--BOTH OF YOU--MUST BE MY GUESTS FOR DINNER TONIGHT... AT TACO BELL!
I...UH... DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY...
ACCEPT.
UH... THAT'D BE GREAT. LOOKING FORWARD TO IT...
6

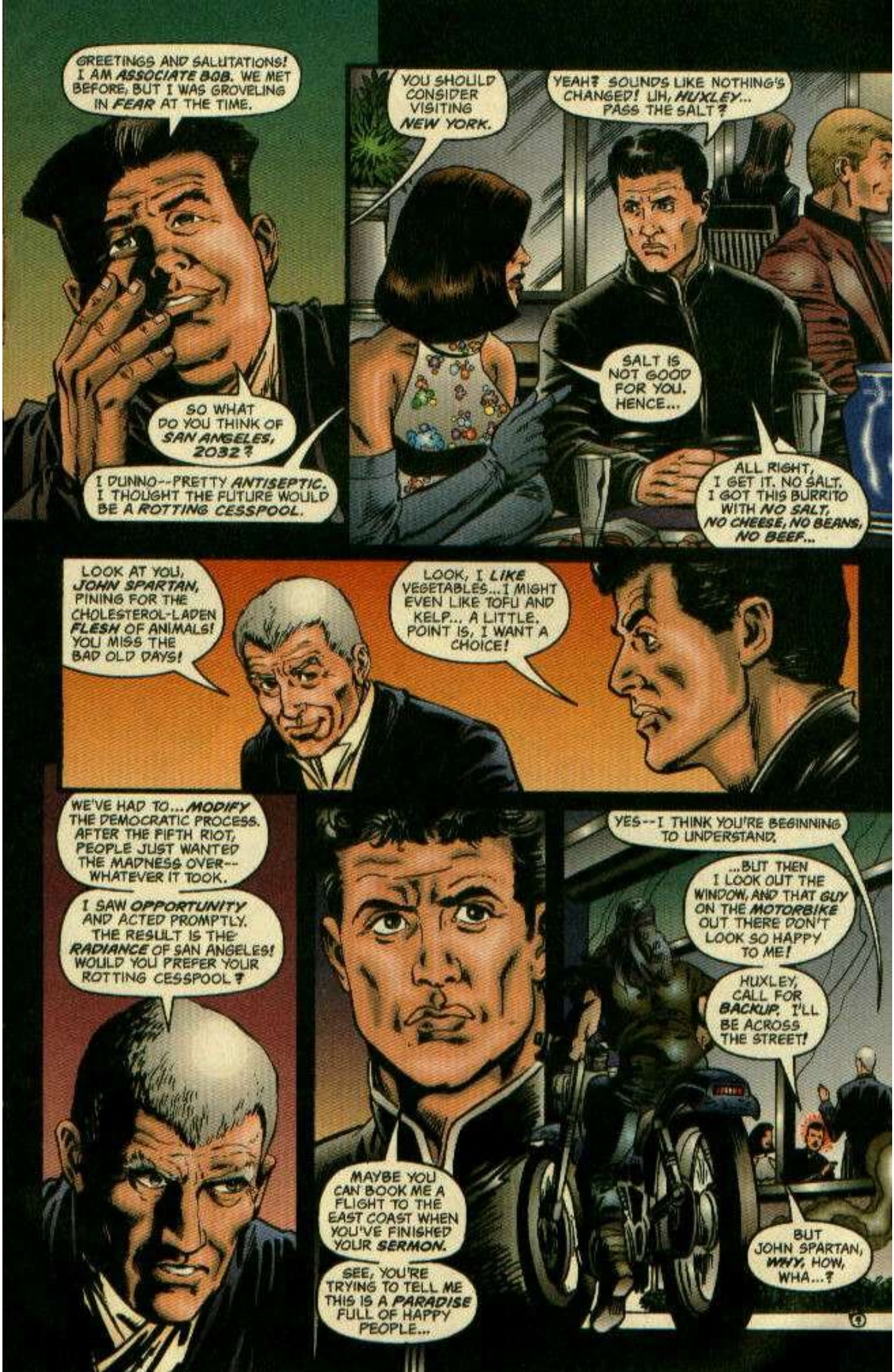
SOON, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...
LET ME GET THIS RIGHT...
BEHAVIORIAL ENGIN
...THIS COCTEAU CLOWN WHO WANTS TO TAKE ME TO DINNER AT TACO BELL IS THE GUY IN CHARGE NOW. AND YOU'RE TELLING ME HE'S ALSO THE GUY WHO INVENTED THE STINKIN' CRYO-PRISON!?
MAYOR/GOVERNOR DR. COCTEAU IS THE MOST IMPORTANT MAN IN SAN ANGELES! HE PRACTICALLY CREATED OUR WHOLE WAY OF LIFE TO PROTECT US FROM SAVAGES LIKE YOU!
SAPD
WELL, HE CAN HAVE IT!
MEANWHILE LET'S TRY TO FIND PHOENIX.
MORA
NOT HAVING A HANDPRINT CODE LIMITS HIS OPTIONS...
UNLESS HE RIPS OFF SOMEONE'S HAND.
HE WOULDN'T ...!
SURE HE WOULD-- IF HE THOUGHT OF IT.
SO WHERE THE HELL IS HE?
IN A SAN ANGELES ALLEY...
NO FRONT DOOR, NO WELCOME MAT--HOW YOU SUPPOSED TO SHOW UP AND KILL SOMEONE?
GUESS YOU JUST GO DOWN THERE AND DO IT!

THAT NIGHT...
I KEEP THINKING ABOUT MY DAUGHTER GROWING UP HERE. I'M AFRAID SHE'S GONNA THINK I'M SOME DISGUSTING PRIMATE FROM THE PAST.
IT WOULD BE A MINOR MISUSE OF POLICE POWERS, BUT I COULD DO A COMPUTER SEARCH FOR HER.
HOLD OFF-- I ALMOST DON'T WANT TO KNOW.
SO WHAT ABOUT THIS COCTEAU GUY? I MEAN, MY REWARD FOR SAVING HIS LIFE IS DINNER AT TACO BELL...!?
AH-- YOU ARE PUZZLED BECAUSE YOU DO NOT REALIZE TACO BELL WAS THE ONLY SURVIVOR OF THE FRANCHISE WARS.
SO...?

"SO NOW ALL RESTAURANTS ARE TACO BELL."
TACO BELL
WELCOME TO TACO BELL, SIR, MA'AM-- BE WELL.

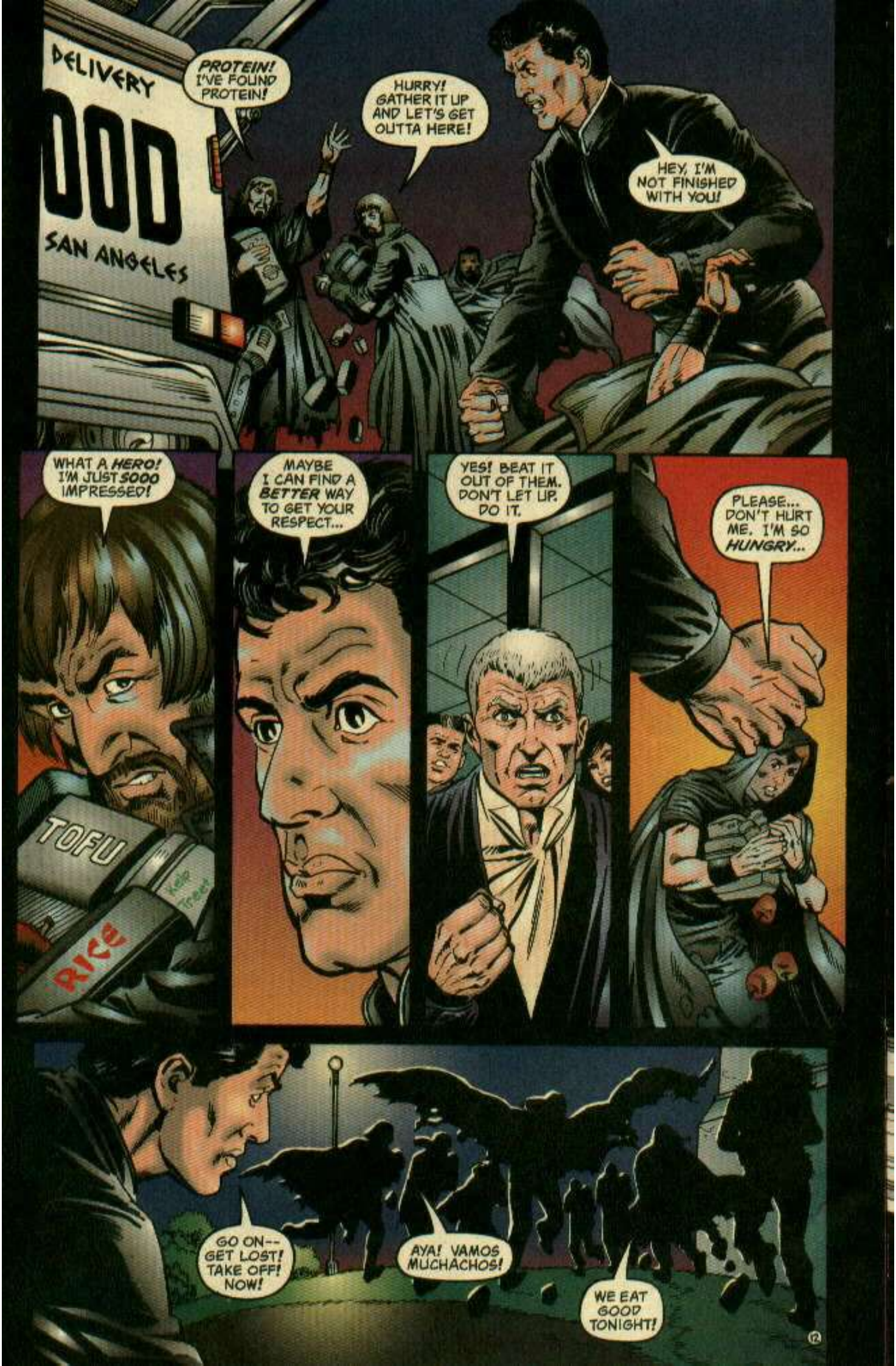
AND, INSIDE...
...WILL THAT BE FOR HERE OR TO GO?
THE ETERNAL QUESTION, EH? HERE.

GENTLEPEOPLE, ALLOW ME TO PRESENT MY SAVIOR, JOHN SPARTAN!
RAYMOND HAS BEEN TELLING US ABOUT YOUR EXCITING BATTLE! IMAGINE A REAL CRIMINAL LOOSE IN SAN ANGELES!
YEAH... IMAGINE.


GREETINGS AND SALUTATIONS! I AM ASSOCIATE BOB. WE MET BEFORE, BUT I WAS GROVELING IN FEAR AT THE TIME.
SO WHAT DO YOU THINK OF SAN ANGELES, 2032?
I DUNNO--PRETTY ANTISEPTIC. I THOUGHT THE FUTURE WOULD BE A ROTTING CESSPOOL.
YOU SHOULD CONSIDER VISITING NEW YORK.
YEAH? SOUNDS LIKE NOTHING'S CHANGED! UH, HUXLEY... PASS THE SALT?
SALT IS NOT GOOD FOR YOU. HENCE...
ALL RIGHT, I GET IT. NO SALT. I GOT THIS BURRITO WITH NO SALT, NO CHEESE, NO BEANS, NO BEEF...
LOOK AT YOU, JOHN SPARTAN, PINING FOR THE CHOLESTEROL-LADEN FLESH OF ANIMALS! YOU MISS THE BAD OLD DAYS!
LOOK, I LIKE VEGETABLES... I MIGHT EVEN LIKE TOFU AND KELP... A LITTLE. POINT IS, I WANT A CHOICE!
WE'VE HAD TO... MODIFY THE DEMOCRATIC PROCESS. AFTER THE FIFTH RIOT, PEOPLE JUST WANTED THE MADNESS OVER--WHATEVER IT TOOK.
I SAW OPPORTUNITY AND ACTED PROMPTLY. THE RESULT IS THE RADIANCE OF SAN ANGELES! WOULD YOU PREFER YOUR ROTTING CESSPOOL?
MAYBE YOU CAN BOOK ME A FLIGHT TO THE EAST COAST WHEN YOU'VE FINISHED YOUR SERMON.
SEE, YOU'RE TRYING TO TELL ME THIS IS A PARADISE FULL OF HAPPY PEOPLE...
YES--I THINK YOU'RE BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND.
...BUT THEN I LOOK OUT THE WINDOW, AND THAT GUY ON THE MOTORBIKE OUT THERE DON'T LOOK SO HAPPY TO ME!
HUXLEY, CALL FOR BACKUP. I'LL BE ACROSS THE STREET!
BUT JOHN SPARTAN, WHY, HOW, WHA...?

BAD GUYS ABOUT TO DO BAD THINGS--ONE OF MY HUNCHES AGAIN!
YO, GREASEBALL! YOU SHOPPIN' FOR ANYTHING IN PARTICULAR?
UH-OH--HERE COMES TROUBLE...
VALET
HERE YOU GO, PAL--VALET PARKING FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE!
WHUUF!
THWACKK!
I BETTER GET RID OF HIM QUICK!
VALET PARKING
VROOOMM!
SHRIPP!
WHERE'D THIS GUY COME FROM!?
SPLAK!
REAL CONFLICT! HE'S EVEN MORE MAGNIFICENT IN REAL-LIFE ACTION THAN ON THE LASERDISCS I VIEWED AT THE SCHWARZENEGGER PRESIDENTIAL LIBRARY!
KA-BLOOEY!
YEOW! MANHOLE COVERS BLOWING UP ALL OVER THE PLACE! WHO ARE THESE GUYS? WHATTA THEY WANT?

GREAT-- THEY BROUGHT THE WHOLE TEAM! AND THEY'RE AFTER...
...FOOD...? ALL THIS IS ABOUT STEALING FOOD!?
COME ON, LET'S GET THIS THING OPEN AND GET OUTTA HERE!
DELIVERY
SO FAR, SO GOOD. NO ONE'S AROUND WHO CAN STOP US...
WATCH THIS!
SWOOOPPP
HEY...!
TONKK
LOOK OUT--HERE HE COMES ...!
YO, GUYS-- WHAT ABOUT ME? BET I CAN GET YOU TO STICK AROUND!
YOU'RE ALL UNDER ARREST!
HE'S SO... FORCEFUL... IT'S TOO EXCITING...!
MY GOODNESS... WHEN DID THEY ADD A SHOW HERE?


DELIVERY
DOD
SAN ANGELES
PROTEIN! I'VE FOUND PROTEIN!
HURRY! GATHER IT UP AND LET'S GET OUTTA HERE!
HEY, I'M NOT FINISHED WITH YOU!
WHAT A HERO! I'M JUST SOOO IMPRESSED!
TOFU
RICE
MAYBE I CAN FIND A BETTER WAY TO GET YOUR RESPECT...
YES! BEAT IT OUT OF THEM. DON'T LET UP. DO IT.
PLEASE... DON'T HURT ME. I'M SO HUNGRY...
GO ON-- GET LOST! TAKE OFF! NOW!
AYA! VAMOS MUCHACHOS!
WE EAT GOOD TONIGHT!

SUCH A RECKLESS ABANDONMENT! SUCH FIRE! LOOKS LIKE THERE'S A NEW *SHEPHERD* IN TOWN.
'SHERIFF'. NEW 'SHERIFF' IN TOWN. WHO *WERE* THOSE GUYS?
WE CALL THEM *'SCRAPS'*. YOU SHOULD HAVE CRUSHED THEM WHEN YOU HAD THE CHANCE.

THEY ARE THE *DREGS OF SOCIETY* --VOLUNTARY OUTCASTS, THEY COWER BENEATH US IN SEWERS AND ABANDONED TUNNELS...
THEY'RE NOTHING BUT THUGS AND HOOLIGANS, A SOCIETY OF THIEVES! *PLANS* ARE IN PROGRESS TO *PURGE* THEM FROM OUR CITY.

YOU WERE *INCREDIBLE*-- BETTER THAN THE LASERDISCS SHOWED! OH, AND THE *JOYJOY* WAY YOU MAINTAINED A WITTY *PATTER* THROUGHOUT THE BATTLE...

HEY--THIS ISN'T THE WILD WEST! HURTING PEOPLE ISN'T A GOOD TIME! ESPECIALLY WHEN IT'S A BUNCH OF GUYS WHO JUST WANT SOMETHING TO *EAT!*

SOON...
HEY, LOOK, I'M SORRY I YELLED AT YOU BACK THERE.

NO NEED FOR A DEHURTFUL RETRACTION. I MISJUDGED YOU. BY THE WAY--HERE'S THE INFORMATION YOU REQUESTED. WHY DO YOU...
JUST ANOTHER *HUNCH.*

AND SOON...
THIS IS WHERE YOU LIVE?
YOU AS WELL. I HAVE PROCURED YOU A DOMICILE DOWN THE CORRIDOR FROM MY OWN.
INSIDE...
WHAT DO YOU THINK? I CLICKED OFF A LOT OF CREDITS TO CREATE THE PERFECT 20TH CENTURY APARTMENT!
IT'S VERY...
ISN'T IT!?
JOHN SPARTAN, THERE IS A WELL-DOCUMENTED CONNECTION BETWEEN SEX AND VIOLENCE.
AFTER OBSERVING YOUR BEHAVIOR AND MY RESULTANT AROUSAL, I WAS WONDERING IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO HAVE SEX?
HUH? WITH YOU? WELL... YEAH...
WHAT'S THIS FOR? I THOUGHT WE WERE GOING TO...
HUSH. WE ARE. JUST RELAX, WE'LL START IN A FEW SECONDS.
START WHAT?
HAVING SEX, OF COURSE...
SEE? HERE WE ARE, AND NOW WE CAN...

WHOA! HOLD ON! WHERE WAS THAT? WHAT WERE YOU...?
WHAT'S WRONG? YOU BROKE CONTACT!
CONTACT? I HAVEN'T EVEN TOUCHED YOU YET!
BUT I THOUGHT YOU WANTED TO MAKE LOVE!
IS THAT WHAT YOU CALL IT?
VIRTUAL-SEX HAS BEEN PROVEN TO PRODUCE MORE INTENSE ORDERS OF...
LOOK-- WHADDYA SAY WE JUST DO IT THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY?
UGH! YOU MEAN... FLUID TRANSFER!?
THAT IS NO LONGER DONE! THE RAMPANT EXCHANGE OF BODILY FLUIDS AND ITS ATTENDANT DISEASES WERE A MAJOR CAUSE OF THE DOWNFALL OF SOCIETY! DR. COCTEAU CHANGED ALL THAT! EVEN MOUTH TRANSFER IS BANNED!
YOU ARE A DISGUSTING, SAVAGE CREATURE, JOHN SPARTAN! I WANT YOU OUT OF MY DOMICILE --NOW!
WH... WHAT ARE YOU DOING...?
BREAKING THE LAW...
BUT WHAT ABOUT...?
15

SOON...
MAN, IT'S GONNA TAKE SOME TIME TO FIGURE THIS WORLD OUT. SEX WITH HELMETS... SHEESH...
BUT RIGHT NOW THERE'S ONE BIG QUESTION NAGGING ME...

SINCE WHEN DO I KNOW HOW TO KNIT!?

UH, TELEPHONE DIRECTORY...
...DO YOU HAVE A NUMBER FOR KATIE, I GUESS IT'S KATHERINE SPARTAN.
OR MAYBE IT'S UNDER HER MOM'S NAME, WARREN, OR...
?

...HER MOM MIGHT HAVE EVEN REMARRIED. BUT SHE'S PASSED AWAY NOW...
KATIE SPARTAN. NO REF.
KATHERINE SPARTAN. NO REF.
KATHERINE WARREN. NO REF.
NO REF

FIGURES. MAYBE SHE'S NOT EVEN IN THE COUNTRY ANYMORE. I WOULDN'T BE.
MIGHT AS WELL CHECK OUT THIS STUFF HUXLEY GAVE ME.

START WITH THIS ONE...

"HEY--PHOENIX AND COCTEAU OUT IN THE GARDEN THIS AFTERNOON. LOOKS LIKE PHOENIX WANTS TO KILL THE OLD GUY..."
MUSEUM
MONITOR NINE

SO WHY AIN'T HE PULLIN' THE TRIGGER... UNLESS HE CAN'T...!

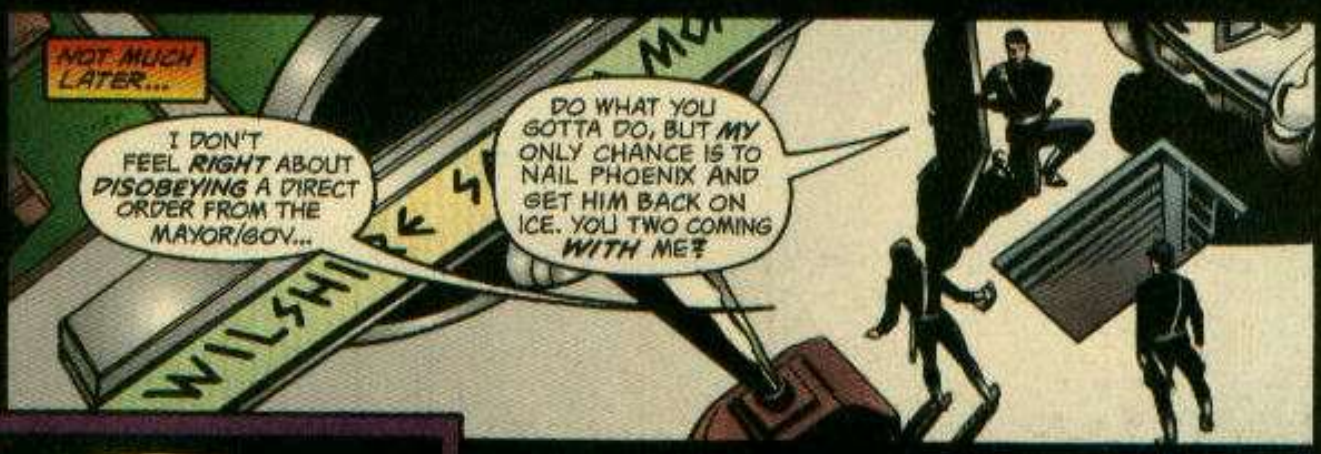
...BUT MAYOR/GOV RAYMOND COCTEAU, ISN'T THIS SPARTAN FELLOW AN UNFORESEEN COMPLICATION?
A MINOR INCONVENIENCE. I ASSURE YOU, ASSOCIATE BOB, ALL WILL BE WELL.
LIGHTS.
LIGHTS ...?
ILLUMINATE.

I CHANGED IT, SEE? ISN'T THAT NICER?
SO, RAYMOND, BUD, WE NEED TO TALK.

HOW DID YOU GET IN?
I WISH I KNEW! PASSCODES, I GUESS, "COMPLETE ACCESS TO THE DATA GRID INTERFACE"-- AND I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS! BUT I LIKE IT.
A LOT.

SO HOW COME I'VE BEEN SO BLESSED?

THE COCTEAU CENTER...
BUT YOU CAN'T ACCUSE THE SAVIOR OF THE CITY OF BEING CONNECTED WITH A MULTI-MURDERDEATHKILLER LIKE PHOENIX! IT'S... RUDE!
I'LL BE SUBTLE. I'M GOOD AT SUBTLE.
COCTEAU! YOU PROGRAMMED PHOENIX'S REHAB TO MAKE HIM EVEN WORSE THAN HE WAS BEFORE! AND I THINK YOU ARRANGED HIS ESCAPE!
VERY SUBTLE.
NONSENSE, YOU CRO-MAGNON. WATCH THE SCREEN.
THIS IS PHOENIX'S REHAB PROGRAM-- MY ONLY INTEREST IN SIMON PHOENIX WAS TO CREATE A PERFECT FLORIST.
PHOENIX, SIMON
REHAB SKILLS
DECORATIVE FLORAL DESIGN
◀ RETAIL ▶
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BULL! TRY AGAIN. OUTSIDE THE MUSEUM, PHOENIX HAD A FULL TEN SECONDS TO BLOW YOUR BRAINS OUT!
WHEN PHOENIX HAS A GUN TO YOUR HEAD, TEN SECONDS IS NINE MORE THAN YOU LIVE! YOU DID SOMETHING TO KEEP HIM FROM PULLING THAT TRIGGER!
YOU THINK YOU CAN CONTROL THIS GUY? TRUST ME... YOU CAN'T!
DETECTIVE, THE ONLY THING I HAVEN'T GOT UNDER CONTROL IS YOU! BUT THAT CAN BE SOLVED.
OFFICER HUXLEY-- RETURN THIS MAN TO CRYOSTASIS IMMEDIATELY! BE WELL.
BUT... WHY...?


NOT MUCH LATER...
I DON'T FEEL RIGHT ABOUT DISOBEYING A DIRECT ORDER FROM THE MAYOR/GOV...
DO WHAT YOU GOTTA DO, BUT MY ONLY CHANCE IS TO NAIL PHOENIX AND GET HIM BACK ON ICE. YOU TWO COMING WITH ME?
WILSHI

WE DON'T HAVE TO DO THIS, LENINA HUXLEY. WE HAVE GOOD CAREERS...
DOING WHAT, GARCIA, REPRIMANDING JAYWALKERS? THIS IS WHAT REAL POLICE DO-- PROTECT AND SERVE! I FIND IT EXHILARATING!

BUT EVEN IF CATCHING PHOENIX IS THE RIGHT THING TO DO, WHY LOOK FOR HIM IN THE WASTELAND?
BECAUSE IT'S THE ONLY PLACE HE COULD HAVE GONE TO ESCAPE THE CITYWIDE MANHUNT YOUR PEOPLE HAVE OUT FOR HIM!

HE'S DOWN HERE SOMEWHERE. AND IF I WAS PHOENIX, I'D FOLLOW THAT LIGHT UP AHEAD...

...JUST TO SEE WHERE IT LEADS...

AMAZING-- THEY'VE GOT ANOTHER WHOLE CITY DOWN HERE!
SO HUXLEY, THESE ARE THE TERRIFYING SAVAGES THAT THREATEN HAPPY SAN ANGELES?
I HAD NO IDEA... WE'VE ALWAYS BEEN TOLD THAT THE ONLY PEOPLE DOWN HERE WERE THUGS AND HOOLIGANS...
WHAT IS THAT EMANATION...?
ARE YOU KIDDING? THAT'S THE SMELL OF MEAT, HUXLEY...
EATS
MEAT
POOL
HONEST-TO-GOODNESS HAMBURGER-- THE REAL THING!
I THINK I'M GOING TO BE SICK! WHAT SORT OF REAL MEAT IS THAT, JOHN SPARTAN?
WHY IT'S ...IT'S...
ES DE RATA.
YOU DON'T SEE ANY COWS DOWN HERE, DO YOU?
YOU'RE EATING A RATBURGER.
NOT BAD.
UGGH!

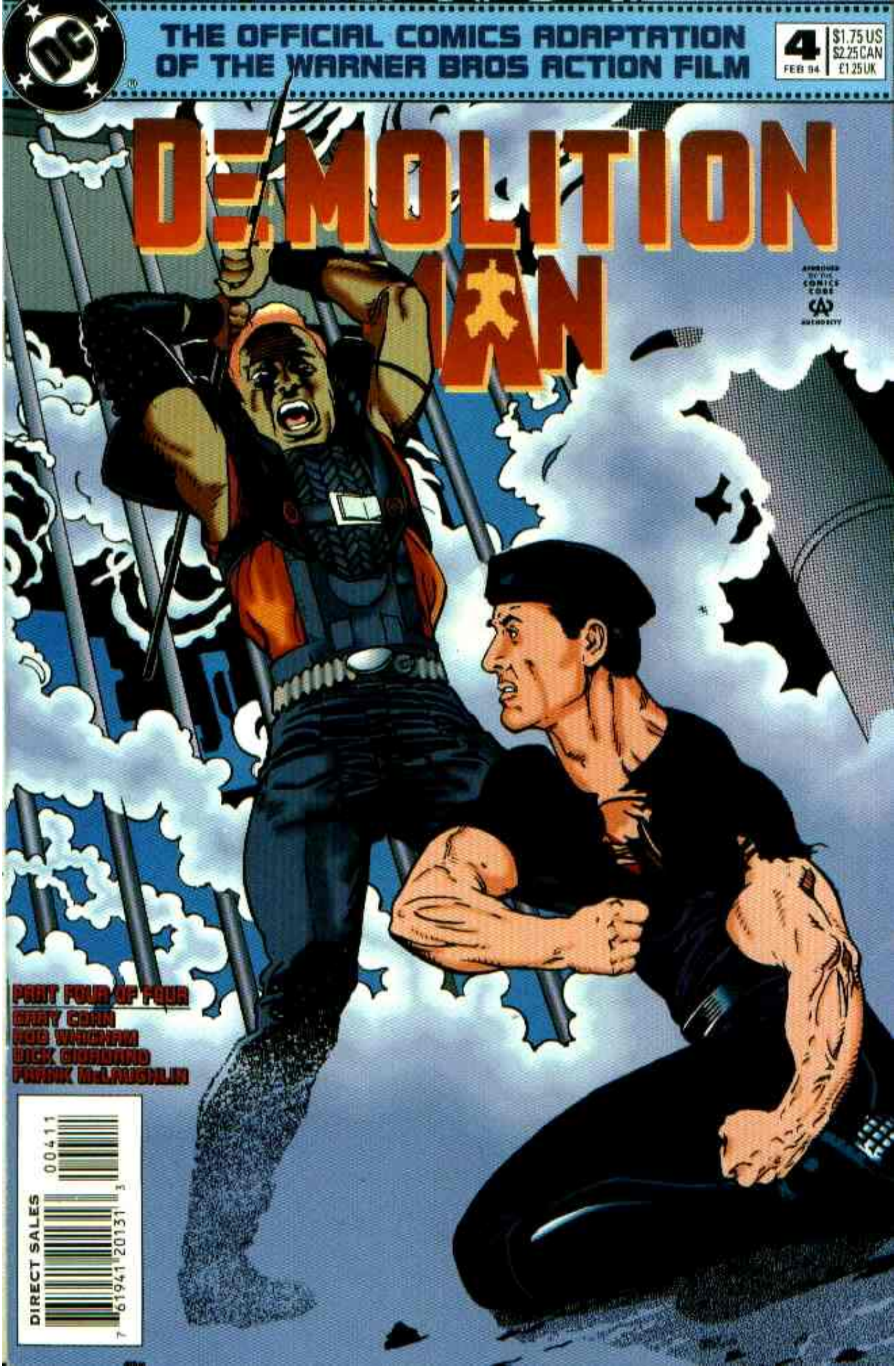
FURTHER ON...
OH, MAN, LOOK AT THIS! IT'S MINT! A PERFECTLY RESTORED...
...1970 OLDSMOBILE 442 WITH A BLOWN 455 ENGINE AND HURST SHIFTER!
I TOLD YOU I'VE STUDIED YOUR CENTURY.
I'M IMPRESSED.
OIL

ME TOO. WHY DON'T YOU PUT DOWN THE GLOW RODS...
WHAT DO YOU WANT, COP?
I'VE GOT A FEW QUESTIONS. BUT IF IT'S A BAD TIME WE CAN COME BACK LATER...
DOWN HERE IT'S ALWAYS A BAD TIME FOR QUESTIONS.
I GUESS YOU'RE NOT PART OF COCTEAU'S PLAN.

EVERYBODY IS DOWN HERE BECAUSE THEY DON'T WANNA BE BRAIN-DEAD. YOU LIVE UP ON TOP, YOU'RE COCTEAU'S DRONE, LIKE IT OR NOT. ONLY OTHER CHOICE IS COME DOWN HERE, MAYBE STARVE TO DEATH. BRAVE NEW WORLD, HUH?
I GOT BAD NEWS. I THINK COCTEAU WANTS TO KILL YOU.

IT IS A CURIOUS CONCLUSION, JOHN SPARTAN, BUT YOUR LOGIC IS FLAWLESS. A CRYOCON LIKE SIMON PHOENIX WOULD BE THE PERFECT ASSASSIN.
WHOA! YOU'RE SAYING THEY THAWED THIS GUY JUST TO KILL ME? I'M FLATTERED!
DON'T BE FLATTERED-- BE FRIGHTENED. PHOENIX IS A FREAKIN' NIGHT-MARE! WHAT'D YOU DO TO GET COCTEAU SO MAD AT YOU!
WE'VE TAPPED INTO THE WATER AND POWER SUPPLY, STOLEN FOOD, DISRUPTED COMMUNICATIONS, FOMENTED DISCONTENT. Y'KNOW, THE USUAL.
WHAT DID SHE CALL HIM...?
EX--EXCUSE ME... YOU'RE JOHN SPARTAN? THE DEMOLITION MAN? THAT JOHN SPARTAN?
DO I KNOW YOU?
YOU DID. YOU MADE ME A PROMISE ONCE.
KATIE...? YOU'RE MY DAUGHTER...!?
I MISSED EVERYTHING ...YOUR WHOLE LIFE!
IT'S OKAY... WE'RE TOGETHER NOW... DAD ...!
23

MEANWHILE...
GENTLEMEN, LET'S REVIEW. IT'S 2032 A.D. ALL WE GOTTA DO TO RUN THE WHOLE PLACE IS KILL THIS GUY NAMED COCTEAU WHO PUT IT ALL TOGETHER. HE WANTS US TO KILL A GUY NAMED FRIENDLY, AND THAT'S COOL TOO.
MOTE
THEN, AS AN ADDED BONUS, WE GET TO KILL THE MAN WHO PUT MOST OF US IN THE FREEZER-- JOHN SPARTAN, WHO...
HOLY...! Y'KNOW, I MUST'VE DONE SOMETHING RIGHT IN A PREVIOUS LIFE.
I CAN'T IMAGINE WHAT IT COULD'VE BEEN...
BUT THERE'S SPARTAN! HIMSELF! AND... IS THAT EDGAR FRIENDLY STANDING RIGHT BEHIND HIM...!?
TELL ME EVERYTHING, HONEY-- FROM WHERE WE LEFT OFF. YOU WERE SIX...
SPARTAN, LOOK OUT...!!
THIS IS GREAT --TWO FOR THE PRICE OF ONE!
THA-KOOM!
TO BE CONTINUED!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PART FOUR OF FOUR
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THE BATTLE QUICKLY BREAKS UP INTO SEVERAL SMALLER, FIERCER FIGHTS! IN A ROOM FILLED WITH STEAM, SEEPING FROM ANCIENT, FRACTURED PIPES...
HAH! PHOENIX WAS RIGHT WHEN HE SAID THIS WOULD BE EASY! THESE PUNKS DON'T KNOW SQUAT ABOUT FIGHTING!
ARRGGHH!
SLLSS
YO, KODO, WHY DON'T YOU TRY ME!
SURE-- SOON AS I FINISH UP HERE! SLICE AN' DICE!
HA! SPARTAN! IT'S GONNA BE A PLEASURE TURNING YOU INTO SUSHI!
IN YOUR DREAMS, FISHFACE!
KAANNG
I THAWED OUT!
DIDN'T THINK I'D EVER SEE YOU AGAIN AFTER I PUT YOU ON ICE, KODO!
YEAH-- GUESS THIS TIME I'LL JUST HAVE TO MAKE IT MORE PERMANENT!
AGGH!

HEY, SPARTAN--SIMON SAYS YOU'RE A DEAD MAN! GAME'S OVER SOON AS I TAG YOU WITH THE ACMAG!
BETTER NOT MISS, PHOENIX, CAUSE I'M GONNA SHOVE THAT PIECE OF GARBAGE UP YOUR...
NO CHANCE, TOUGH GUY! IT'S ALL OVER FOR...
HEY!
KPOW!
GOOD SHOT.
SEEMED LIKE THE... FRIENDLY THING TO DO!
BETTER GET MOVIN'--YOUR PIGEON'S FLYING THE COOP!
STEAM
SOMETHING WE GOT IN COMMON, SPARTAN--LUCK! LET'S SEE WHOSE LUCK HOLDS OUT THE LONGEST!
LUCK DON'T HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH IT, PHOENIX! I'M BRINGING YOU DOWN! THAT'S FATE, MAN--DESTINY!
REEEEK
OH YEAH? WELL, DON'T LOOK NOW, STUD, BUT THIS CATWALK COULDN'T HOLD OUR WEIGHT! WE'RE BOTH GOING DOWN!
CRAASHH!

I WENT TO JAIL WITH A THIRTY-SIX-YEAR SMILE...!
OH, IF YOU COULD ONLY SEE THE LOOK ON YOUR FACE!
SEE YA.
NO! PHOENIX, I'M GONNA TEAR YOUR HEAD OFF! YOU SET ME UP!
SO, SPARTAN, WHILE WE'RE HANGIN' AROUND, LET ME ASK YOU SOMETHING-- WHAT'S UP WITH THE SEASHELLS? YOU FIGURED THAT OUT YET?
KRNEK
...APART...! IF I TWIST, MAYBE I CAN LAND IN THAT PILE OF...
BY THE WAY, REMEMBER THOSE BUS PASSENGERS YOU BURNED UP TRYING TO CATCH ME...?
SURPRISE! THEY WERE ALREADY DEAD, PAL, BEFORE YOU EVEN ENTERED THE BUILDING! COLD AS HÄAGEN-DAZS!
UH-OH-- THIS WHOLE PLACE IS COMING...
WHUUF!

ARRGHH!
WHERE IS HE!? PHOENIX! I SWEAR YOU'RE NOT GETTING AWAY FROM ME THIS TIME!
SEÑOR--- EL HOMBRE MALO ESTÁ ALLÍ!
ALL RIGHT! LOOKS LIKE PHOENIX RAN HIMSELF INTO A DEAD END!
OKAY, DIRTBAG--- FREEZE!
HOW DOES HE MOVE SO FAST!? CAN'T GET A CLEAN SHOT...
HAD SPARTAN ON THE RUN AN' NOW HE'S AFTER ME! HOW DOES HE DO THAT?
STILL, ONCE I'M TOPSIDE AGAIN ALL I GOTS TA DO IS UNFREEZE A NEW BATCH OF GOONS, AND I'M BACK IN BUSINESS AGAIN!

JOHN SPARTAN, HAVE YOU APPREHENDED SIMON PHOENIX?
UH-UH. HE GOT AWAY-- STRAIGHT UP! THIS USED TO BE AN ELEVATOR SHAFT! BUT I GOT AN IDEA. WE'RE GOING AFTER HIM THE SAME WAY...
MAX LOAD 3 TONS
BUT WE'RE GONNA BE TRAVELLIN' IN STYLE!
PNEUMAT
UP
DOWN
ON THE SURFACE...
...AS YOU CAN SEE, GENTLEFOLK, THE NEW OLDSMOBILES ARE EVEN MORE MELLOW/NICE/LOVELY THAN...
KRUMMP
EXCUSE ME, GOOD SALES-PERSON, BUT IS THE SHOWROOM FLOOR SUPPOSED TO BE BUCKLING...?
OH MY--WHAT A BRUTAL MACHINE! IT ISN'T MELLOW/LOVELY AT ALL!
REENCHH!
SPARTAN--ARE YOU CERTAIN YOU CAN DRIVE THIS THING?
VROOM VROOM
THAT'S A JOKE, RIGHT? LOOK, YOUR MODERN "NICEMOBILES" MIGHT BE ALL MELLOW/LOVELY...
...BUT CAN THEY DO THIS!?
VROOOOMM!
CRRAASSHH!

MEANWHILE...
HIRE SANTA M
ALL THAT SMOKE AND NOISE --I'LL BET SPARTAN'S KICKIN' SOME BUTT DOWN THERE! JUST LIKE THE OLD DAYS!
YEAH, THE DEMO MAN IS BACK!
SO AM I, ROOKIE!
NOTHIN' PERSONAL, OLD MAN--I'M JUST KILLING YOU TO PISS OFF SPARTAN!
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
MOMENTS LATER...
SCREEECHH!
LAMB! WHAT WERE YOU DOIN' HERE...?
I EMPATHIZE WITH YOUR LOSS.
EMPATHIZE! EMPATHIZE WITH PHOENIX WHEN I RIP HIS FACE OFF! LET'S GO!

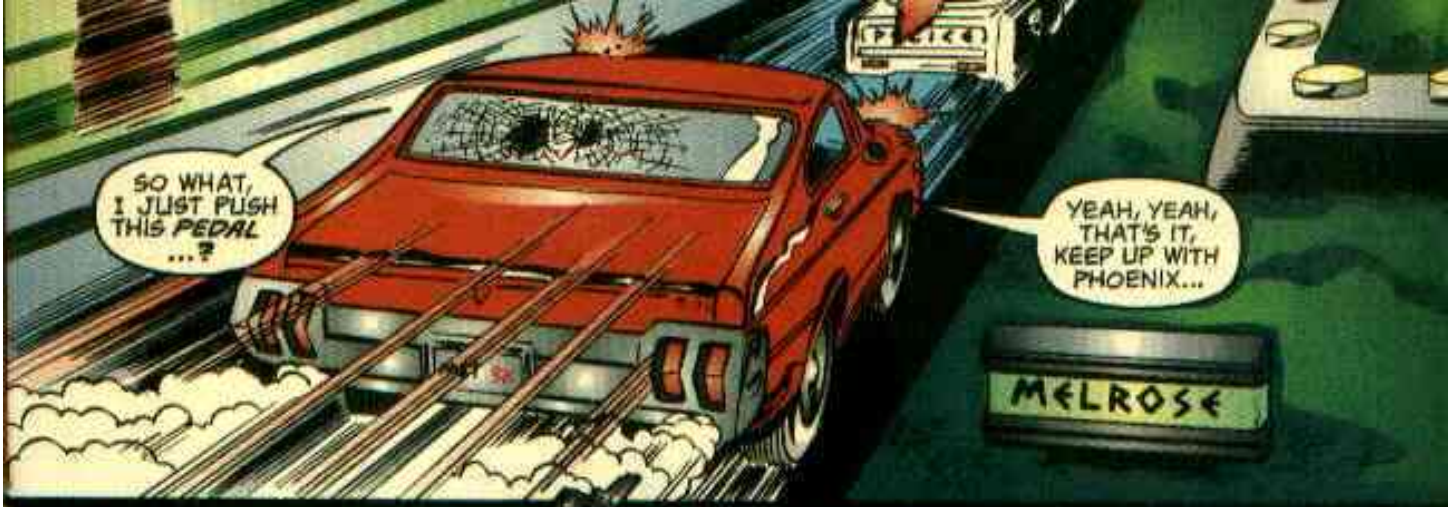
KPOW KPOW
KPOW
HOW--HOW FAST ARE WE GOING!? DOESN'T THIS CAR HAVE DIGITALIZED STABILIZERS?
NAW--JUST A TORSION BAR AND BIG FAT SHOCK ABSORBERS! HOLD ON AN' KEEP YOUR HEAD DOWN!

LOOK OUT, WE'RE GOING TO--OH, NEVER MIND, WE JUST DID!
KKRUMP

HEY--WHAT ARE YOU DOING!?
KPOW
POLICE
GOTTA SHOOT OUT THE WINDSHIELD--CAN'T GET A BEAD ON HIM HANGING OUT THE WINDOW LIKE THAT!

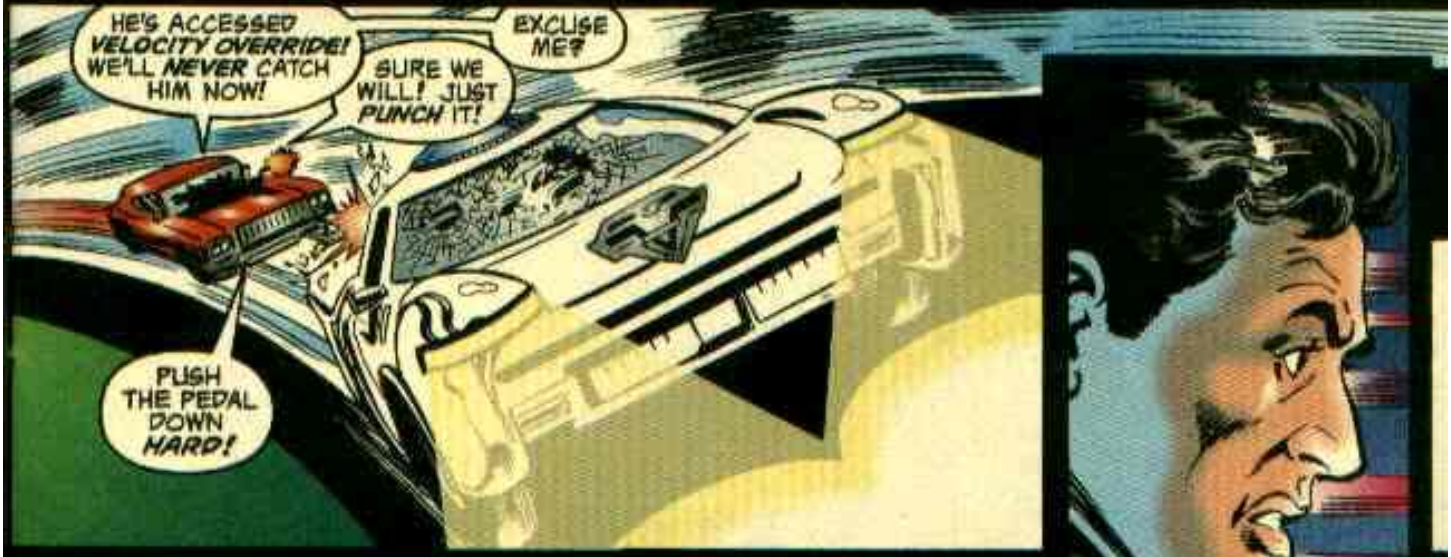
ARGGHH!! I'M HIT!
ZINNG!

HE'S SHOOTIN' BACK THROUGH HIS OWN REAR WINDOW! TAKE THE WHEEL, HUXLEY!
POLICE


SO WHAT, I JUST PUSH THIS PEDAL ...?
YEAH, YEAH, THAT'S IT, KEEP UP WITH PHOENIX...
MELROSE

HEY, WHERE ARE YOU GOING!?
GOTTA GET A CLEAR SHOT!

FROM OUT THERE!?
KPOW
KPOW
KPOW
KPOW
WHAT'S GOIN' ON? HOW COME HIS CAR JUST SQUIRTED AHEAD LIKE THAT?


HE'S ACCESSED VELOCITY OVERRIDE! WE'LL NEVER CATCH HIM NOW!
SURE WE WILL! JUST PUNCH IT!
EXCUSE ME?
PUSH THE PEDAL DOWN HARD!

LIKE THIS...?
WHOA! WHOA! SLOW DOWN! YEOW!
VROOOM!
BAM
OH, MAN-- THIS IS NOT GOOD.

NOT GOOD AT ALL!
BLAM BLAM
YO, MAN, GET OFF MY CAR --YOU'RE MESSING UP THE FINISH!
THAT'S A NASTY GUN, PHOENIX!
WHAK
THINK I'LL TRY IT OUT! NOW WHAT'RE YOU GONNA DO, TOUGH GUY?
FWUUMP
FWUUMP
OPEN DOORS! EMERGENCY!
WHA...? OOOFF!
SHREEKK!
YOU WANNA PLAY GAMES? ALL RIGHT... NNNGGHH...!
PLAYTIME'S OVER, PHOENIX! NO WAY YOU CAN STOP ME FROM...
POLICE
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I'VE HAD IT WITH YOU, MAN! YOU'RE DEAD, SPARTAN, DEAD!
AUTOSTEER!
SPEAK FOR YOURSELF, PHOENIX...
POW!
I KNOCKED HIM CLEAR OUTTA THE CAR! BETTER GET THIS THING UNDER CONTROL BEFORE I...
SAN ANGELES POLICE
POLICE
AWW, NO...!
SCREECHH!
FWOOSSHH!
KER-AASHH!

YUCK! WHAT IS THIS STUFF!?
BLOOUUFFF!

POLICE
LOOK AT YOU... YOU SAVAGE! COVERED WITH SAFETY FOAM ...!
YEAH-- AN AIRBAG WOULD'VE WORKED BETTER.

YOU'RE A CAVEMAN, SPARTAN! YOU ARE GOING TO BE RETURNED TO CRYO-PRISON BEFORE YOU DESTROY EVERYTHING WE'VE WORKED TO BUILD...

YEAH, YEAH, WHATEVER YOU SAY, EARLE. BUT RIGHT NOW I NEED A WEAPON, WHATEVER YOU GOT, A SHOTGUN, A FLARE GUN...
JOHN SPARTAN-- ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? I THOUGHT YOUR LIFEFORCE HAD BEEN TERMINATED PREMATURELY.

I'M JUST PEACHY. BUT IT LOOKS LIKE WE GOT US SOME COMPANY...!
OH, MY...
MASS DISORDER WILL NOT BE TOLERATED! EVERYONE--STUN BATONS ON!

THE TIME HAS COME FOR US TO TAKE A STAND.
GOOD THINKIN'. WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, LEND ME A GUN. LEND ME TWO GUNS!
YEAH! NOW THIS FEELS RIGHT!
HEY, DAD.
HERE-- YOU GAVE ME THIS ONCE. DON'T GET KILLED-- WE NEED TO GET TO KNOW EACH OTHER.
I'LL TRY MY BEST, KIDDO.
THE COCTEAU CENTER...
I WASN'T COUNTING ON THIS, BUT I MUST SAY YOU'VE WORKED OUT BEAUTIFULLY. PEOPLE ARE TERRIFIED OF YOU!
SO WHAT'S NEW? PEOPLE HAVE ALWAYS BEEN TERRIFIED OF ME!
YES, OF COURSE. BUT NOW, WITH FRIENDLY OUT OF THE WAY, I CAN USE YOU AS AN EXCUSE TO TIGHTEN SECURITY! SAN ANGELES WILL BE THE ULTIMATE CONTROLLED, STABLE SOCIETY!
Y'KNOW, I'VE FINALLY FIGURED OUT WHO YOU REMIND ME OF-- AN EVIL MR. ROGERS!

ONLY THING IS, COCTEAU, WHO NEEDS YOU?
HEY, ADAM— THIS OLD GHOUL DID SOMETHING TO MY HEAD SO I CAN'T SHOOT HIM. BE A PAL...?
BLAM BLAM BLAM
NO PROBLEM, SIMON!
NO, WAIT, YOU CAN'T...!
NOW, WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH YOU, ASSOCIATE BOB?
WHY, SIR... I... I COULD WORK FOR YOU...
WE'LL SEE. RIGHT NOW WE'VE GOT COMPANY.
I'M GONNA NEED TO DEFROST MORE GUYS, BOB. CAN YOU DO THAT?
ABSOLUTELY, SIR. I'LL GET RIGHT ON IT.
GOOD.
NO PROBLEM, SIMON.
MEANWHILE, WHY DON'T YOU GUYS GO DOWNSTAIRS AND KILL SPARTAN.
ALL RIGHT, GUYS, ON MY COUNT! ONE... TWO... THREE...
LET 'EM HAVE IT!
BLAM BLAM BLAM
POW
BRATTA BRATTA BRATTA
POW
HEY-- WHERE ARE THEY!?

ELVIN...?
YEAH, I THOUGHT IT WAS YOU!
BLAM!
OLD TRICK.
OLD CRIMINAL.
RAAGGHH! I KILL YOU NOW, SPARTAN!
DANZIG! JEEZ--PHOENIX IS THAWING OUT ALL MY OLD DANCE PARTNERS!
HOLD HIM, JOHN SPARTAN, AND I'LL...
...YOU'LL WHAT? PUT HIM TO SLEEP WITH YOUR MAGIC WAND? DON'T THINK SO, BABE!
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I THINK YOU'RE GONNA BE LOTSA FUN TO KILL, CUTIE!
LGGHH... NOT... WHEN YOU'RE STUPID ENOUGH... TO LEAVE MY HANDS FREE...
...AND YOUR GUN WITHIN REACH...!
THIS VIOLATES EVERYTHING I HAVE EVER BEEN TAUGHT...BUT IF IT'S YOU OR ME...
... THEN I PICK YOU!
BLAM
BLAM
KRAKK!
YOU'RE LEARNING, HUXLEY!
NOW LET'S GO GET PHOENIX AND COCTEAU!
COCTEAU'S OFFICE...
GUESS PHOENIX DIDN'T NEED A BOSS! WATCHA GOT THERE?
VERY BAD NEWS. PHOENIX HAS ACCESSED THE CRYO-PRISON! HE'S ABOUT TO DEFROST THE ENTIRE MULTI-LIFER WING!
MOST OF THEM DON'T LIKE YOU.
MOST OF THEM DIDN'T EVEN LIKE THEIR MOTHERS. HOW MANY?
EIGHTY.
WE HAVE TO STOP THAT.

OKAY, LOOK, I WASN'T AT ALL PLEASED TO CAUSE THE FATALITY OF THAT DERANGED CRYO-CON, BUT I UNDERSTAND NOW THAT VIOLENCE IS SOMETIMES NEEDED.
GOOD...
THEN YOU'LL UNDERSTAND WHY I'M DOING THIS.
ZZAAKK
YOU'RE A GOOD COP, HUXLEY. SLEEP TIGHT.
MEANWHILE, AT THE CRYO-PRISON...
HOW WE DOING, BOB?
THERE'S BEEN A BREACH IN THE OUTER GATE --I FEEL IT'S SAFE TO ASSUME IT'S JOHN SPARTAN.
YO--GOT SOME REALLY WILD UPPERS? SPEED, CRANK, AMPHETAMINES? ANYTHING?
WE... WE HAVE PURE MEGADRENALIN, SIR...

GOOD. SHOOT 'EM UP.
LISTEN, GUYS-- YOU'VE JUST BEEN DEFROSTED. IT'S THE FUTURE. JOHN SPARTAN IS OUTSIDE THOSE DOORS. GO KILL HIM!
YEAH...KILL SPARTAN...!

BE WELL
IT'S QUIET IN HERE...

SKKT! GREETINGS AND BE WELL...

BLAM
I HATE RERUNS!

GUESS I JUST LET 'EM KNOW I'M HERE!
YAH! KILL SPARTAN!
YUP-- HERE THEY COME!
BLAM! BLAM!
TEAR HIS ARMS OFF!
BLAM!
EAT HIS EYES!

THAT'S TWO DOWN... MAKE THAT THREE...
BREAK YOU WITH MY HANDS, LITTLE SPARTAN...!
GUN! GIVE ME THE GUN I SHOVE IT UP YOUR...
ALL RIGHT ALREADY! YOU WANT IT SO BAD...
YIK...
...TAKE IT!

SPARTAN! DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND THE MEANING OF "GIVE UP"? YOU'RE TOO LATE-- I'VE GOT THEM ALL UNTHAWING! IN A FEW MINUTES...
I'LL DEAL WITH IT! RIGHT NOW, PHOENIX, IT'S JUST YOU AN' ME...!
YOU DON'T GET IT, COP! YOU'RE GONNA DIE!
HIS BULLETS ARE RIPPING UP THOSE COOLANT PIPES! THIS PLACE IS GONNA START GETTIN' COLD...!

HEY, SPARTAN, HOW'S IT HANGING ?!
20

ARRGGH! HE'S SNAGGED ME WITH THIS CRANE...! GONNA CRUSH ME UNLESS I DO SOMETHING...
WHUUFF! I BROKE IT! EVERYTHING'S GETTIN' BRITTLE FROM THE COLD...!
HEY, SPARTAN-- LOOK WHAT I FOUND! IT'S A CUTTING LASER! GONNA SLICE YOU INTO BITTY PIECES!
WHAT'S THAT YOU'VE GOT--A WRENCH!? AGAINST THIS!? YOU GOTTA BE KIDDING!
FWOOOMM
SEE HOW YOU FEEL ABOUT IT WHEN I PUT IT UPSIDE YOUR HEAD!
23
READY FOR CRYO
GOTTA DO SOMETHING...
...HEY-- I KNOW WHAT THAT IS...!
CAUTION
SMAASSH
CAUTION

FEEL THAT HEAT, SPARTAN! THIS WHOLE PLACE IS COMING DOWN! COLD FROM THE PIPES, HEAT FROM MY TORCH--AIN'T NOTHING CAN STAND UP TO THAT--ESPECIALLY NOT YOU!
HE'S RIGHT! GOTTA END THIS NOW...!
SOON AS THIS STUFF HITS THAT WATER POOLING AROUND PHOENIX'S FEET...
DAMN--THE HEAT FROM THE TORCH IS EVAPORATING ALL THE MOISTURE AROUND HIM--GOTTA MAKE IT HAPPEN MYSELF...!

GOTTA WATCH WHERE I STEP...
THAT'S IT, SPARTAN! COME AND GET ME!
HUNH!
THAT ALL YOU GOT LEFT, DEMO MAN? I'M GONNA...

NOW ...UP.
C... C... COLD...
S... S... SO C... C... COLD...!
GAME'S OVER, PHOENIX! YOU JUST GOT FROZEN OUT!
SNAP!
WHAK!
PANK
PANK
PANK
PING

KREEEEE
KRASH
FWOOOSSHHH!!

OUTSIDE.

THE VILLAIN PHOENIX IS DEAD! BUT MAYOR/GOV RAYMOND COCTEAU IS GONE...THE CRYO-PRISON IS DESTROYED...
YEAH... GOOD RIDDANCE TO BOTH!
BUT WHAT WILL WE DO? HOW WILL WE LIVE?
YOU'LL THINK FOR YOURSELVES. YOU'LL MAKE DECISIONS. THAT'S WHAT LIFE'S REALLY LIKE!

I WAS SERIOUS ABOUT GETTING TO KNOW YOU, KATIE.
THERE'S FORTY YEARS' WORTH, DAD!
WHAT ABOUT ME, DEMOLITION MAN?

COME HERE, YOU...!
MMMM... OH, MY...!
SO HOW AM I GONNA LIVE IN THIS PLACE?
YOU'RE JUST GOING TO HAVE TO TAKE ONE DETAIL AT A TIME, JOHN SPARTAN.
THE END